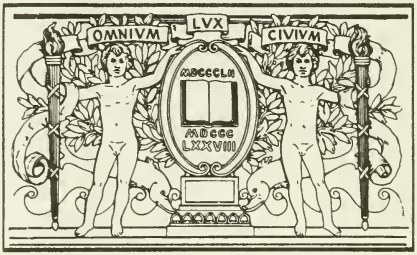

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Willie, taking the key out of his pocket, held it up. "See!" said he.

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WILLIE

AND

THE MORTGAGE,

SHOWING HOW MUCH MAY BE ACCOMPLISHED BY A BOY.

NEW YORK:

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

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WILLIE AND THE MORTGAGE.

CHAPTER I.

WILLIE AT HIS AUNT'S.

Willie's father a carpenter. His aunt's ingenious plan.

WHEN Willie was about four years old, he went to live with his aunt Mary, in a wild place among the mountains. His father lived in a village. He was by trade a carpenter. Willie went to his aunt's, because she had no children, and his mother had three.

When Willie first went to his aunt's, he himself expected to remain there only two or three weeks, though his aunt had formed a secret intention of keeping him, if she could, several years. She knew very well that if she asked his mother openly to give him up to her altogether for so long a time, she would not consent. But "I will ask her," thought she to herself, "to let him come and stay with me for two or three weeks. She will consent to that, I know. Then I will treat him so kindly, and make him so happy, that he will like to stay with me, and his mother will let him remain week after week, till finally my house becomes his home."

This plan succeeded very well. Willie went to his aunt's with the intention merely of paying her a visit, but she made him so happy while he was there, that he liked to stay; and he did stay

Bessie.	Her playthings.	Description of the picture.

for many years. He went home from time to time to visit his father and mother, and his sister Bessie. Bessie was always very glad to see him on these occasions. On the opposite page is a picture of Willie playing with Bessie, at one time when he was making a visit home. Bessie is bringing him a bouquet of flowers which she has gathered for him in the garden. Their mother is at work at a table near, and is much pleased to see her children playing together so happily. Mrs. Joyn, for that was her name, was a very excellent woman, and she kept her house in such nice order, that it always looked very pleasant there.

On the floor are a ball and a jumping rope belonging to the children. Mrs. Joyn made the ball, and Mr. Joyn, their father, made the jumping rope. He *turned* the handles of it in his lathe.

When Willie went home to visit his father and mother, his aunt always went with him, and remained with him as long as he stayed there, and then took him back with her again to her own house. Thus Willie was almost all the time at his aunt's, and it was not long, in fact, before he began to consider himself as his aunt's boy rather than his mother's.

Willie's aunt took various means to make him happy at her house. She put up a little swing for him between two trees in the yard directly before the door, and she used to let him swing there while she was churning, or sewing, or doing any other work in the kitchen that she had to do. She gave him a hen, too, for his own, and nine chickens, and let him feed them three times a day with meal and water. She even used to let him mix the meal and water for them himself—dipping up the water from a tub in the corner of the yard for this purpose. It gave Willie special delight

Willie and Bessie playing together at home.

to make this mixture, and afterward to "feed it out" to his chickens and his hen.

Indeed, Willie, like almost all children of his age, liked very much to be employed, and his aunt observing this, always gave him something to do whenever it was in her power. When she

Willie was accustomed to help his aunt in all her work.

was making bread, she used to give Willie a small piece of the dough to form into cakes for himself; and when she had laid the wood in the oven, she would allow him to light it, by means of a long paper match which she had made for the purpose. So, when at any time she wished for more water, she would say,

"Come, Willie, we must go to the spring and get some water."

She would then give Willie a small tin pail, with a cover to it, to keep the water from spilling, and then, taking a larger pail for herself in her hand, she would walk down to the spring—Willie going before her to show her the way. She would let Willie fill his pail, and she would fill her own, and then both would go back to the house together as they had come down.

Thus Willie was trained from his earliest years to be useful.

She did not, however, occupy him exclusively in these useful occupations, but gave him some time every day to play. She made toys for him too. She made him a little kite, with a thread for a string. This kite was too small to go up into the air high enough to stay. It would not go much higher than a man's head, and would only keep up while Willie was running with it; but it amused him very much, notwithstanding. This is not surprising, since it was the best kite—indeed, the only one—that he had then ever seen. Of course, not knowing that any kite would do better, he was very well satisfied with the performances of this.

His aunt made him a little wind-mill, however, that would go when he was standing still. So, when he got tired of running with his kite, he would take his wind-mill and amuse himself by seeing it turn swiftly in the breeze while he was resting himself, sitting on the step of the door.

Willie's conversations with his aunt at evening.

At night, Willie's aunt Mary used always to rock him to sleep in a low rocking chair, which her husband made her for the purpose. Willie did not ask to be rocked to sleep; his aunt did it for her own pleasure. It was a great source of enjoyment to her every night, when her work was done, and while her husband was reading a newspaper or a book, in *his* corner, to take Willie up in her lap, in hers, and talk to him in a low voice for a little while about the duties of the day, and then, as soon as he began to feel too sleepy, to sing him to sleep. On these occasions she gave him a great deal of excellent advice, and much instruction—explaining to him such things as she thought he wished to understand, and commending him for all the good conduct she had observed in him during the day—thus encouraging him to greater and greater efforts to become a good boy.

In these evening talks Willie's aunt used generally to ask him what good he had done during the day. Then she would help him to remember and enumerate all the acts that he had performed which were acts of service or assistance to his uncle or aunt, or of kindness to any one. Even if the good that he had done was for the benefit of a dumb animal merely, his aunt considered it as an act of usefulness. Once he got up upon the fence, and took his little kitten down from the top of a high post, which it had contrived to climb up, and then could not get down again. His aunt told him that even that was doing good.

Sometimes, however, he made mistakes in his judgment, and supposed that he was rendering service to others when he was not. For instance, one evening, when his aunt had undressed him and taken him up in her lap, and had commenced her conversation, as

His account of himself for the day. Picture of the barn.

she often did, by saying, "Well, Willie, what have you done to-day to make yourself useful?" he answered,

"Why—let me think—I held the lamp for you while you went down cellar."

"Yes," said his aunt, "that was being very useful."

"I am glad of that," said Willie. "And then I had a good time flying my kite. Was that useful?"

It must be remembered that Willie was only four years old at this time, or he would not have asked so simple a question.

"No," said his aunt, in reply to his inquiry; "that was for your own pleasure, and not for any other person's. We do not call it being useful unless we are doing something for the gratification of other persons."

"Well," said Willie, "I let old Juno see my wind-mill whirl, and I held it for her a long time."

Old Juno was one of the cows. Willie used to like very much to go out into his uncle's barn, drawing his little wagon after him, and look at Juno as she lay in her stall, and at a horse too, that was generally feeding in a stall by the side of her. It happened, however, on the day when this conversation occurred, that Juno was standing in the yard, toward sunset, at a time when Willie was playing with his wind-mill; and as her face was

Juno and the wind-mill. Willie's mistake. His intentions were good.

turned toward him, and seemed to wear a very fixed and earnest look, Willie supposed that she was watching the gyrations of the wind-mill. So he held it still for her, saying,

"Yes, Juno, you may look at it as long as you please."

Then he presented the wind-mill to the breeze, holding it at such a distance from Juno's eyes as to enable her to see it well, and let it turn, supposing that when Juno had seen it long enough she would turn round and go away. But Juno continued to stand in the same position, and to look forward in the direction where Willie was standing, with the same fixed and immovable expression of countenance, until Willie began to be tired.

"Have you seen it almost long enough?" said he, at length, "for I am tired."

Juno did not move.

"Well, Juno," said Willie, after another short pause, "I can't show it to you any longer now. I must go; but I'll show it to you again some day."

It is not at all surprising that Willie, when reviewing his actions and conduct for that day, considered this as an instance of doing good; and since the intention of the mind is what is chiefly to be regarded in determining the moral quality of any act, he was philosophically quite right in his judgment, though he was mistaken as to the fact, since Juno was not paying any attention to his wind-mill at all.

Some such errors as these Willie fell into from time to time, which is not surprising, since, in all cases where people are learning any art or practice, some errors and failures are at the outset inevitable. Notwithstanding these, however, Willie made great

The rule of duty and of happiness. A story commenced.

progress, and soon learned to believe fully, and to practice upon, the truth, which his aunt inculcated upon him all the time, that the great end and aim of life was to do as much good as possible to others. She told him that this was not only the rule of duty, but it was the only sure rule of happiness.

"You will always find, Willie, dear," said she, "that the day when you have done most good to others will be the day when you will be most happy yourself."

"I tried it one day," she continued, "when I was a girl about twelve years old. I had been disappointed in regard to going away with my father on a little journey that he was taking, and I felt very sorrowful. I spent an hour or two in the morning lounging about the house, looking out at the window, and wishing that I could have gone with my father. I felt out of humor, and was discontented and dissatisfied with myself and with every body else. At last, thinks I, this is not the right way. I am disappointed in regard to my ride, and I don't suppose that there is any thing else that will make me have a good time to-day. But if I can not have a good time myself, I can at least help somebody else to have a good time.

"So I went to work industriously to help my mother do her work. Then I went out and put the yard in order, and swept the paths, and made every thing look very nice. My mother looked out of the window, and when she saw what I was doing, she seemed very much pleased. Then I asked her to let me get the dinner all by myself, while she went to work upon her sewing. After dinner I told my little brother Josey that I would go and take a walk with him, if he liked, along the road, and show him the

Willie says he is not sleepy. Story continued.

butterflies and the flowers. He said he should like it very much. We walked along a little way and had a very good time. At last we came to a wagon that had stopped in the road on account of a wheel that had come off. There were only two girls in the wagon, and they didn't know what to do. The linch-pin was lost, and the wheel had rolled off to the side of the road, and was lying there in the grass.

"'The first thing,' says I, to the girls, 'is to find the linch-pin.'

"Do you know what a linch-pin is, Willie?"

"No, aunty," said Willie.

Willie answered the question in rather a drowsy tone.

"Are you sleepy, Willie?"

"No, aunty," said Willie; "I should like to hear the rest of the story."

"Well, Josey and I, and the two girls," continued Willie's aunt, "looked along the road a good while for the linch-pin. At last we found it. Then we unhitched the traces, and took the horse out from the wagon—because, you see, we were afraid that, if we attempted to put on the wheel while the horse was attached, he would start and run over us. We led the horse out to one side of the road, and fastened him to a tree."

Here Willie's head dropped gradually over against his aunt's arm.

"Are you hearing, Willie?" asked his aunt.

"Y—e—s," said Willie, speaking as if he were almost asleep.

"And we rolled the wheel to the side of the wagon," continued Willie's aunt, "and I held it up while the two girls lifted up the axle-tree."

"Willie?"

Willie did not answer.

"He has gone to sleep," said she. "Never mind, I'll finish the story for him to-morrow."

As Willie grew older, he became more and more interested in making himself useful. As soon as he was big enough to sit upon a horse, he used to ride and guide the horse that led the team that his uncle was plowing with. He used to drive the cows to pasture, too, and water the horses, and pick up chips, and put the tools in their places. When his uncle was painting or whitewashing any of the buildings, he would always wish to help him; but not as many boys do, in such cases, who are very earnest to have a brush and begin, and then, after working a little, till the novelty is over, throw the brush down and run away to play. Willie's object in wishing to paint was to help his uncle get the work done, and not merely to amuse himself with an entertaining operation. He would accordingly always persevere, and thus he really rendered his uncle very efficient aid.

He grew up, too, in the habit of taking care of himself, and of his clothes, so as not to give his uncle or his aunt any unnecessary trouble on his account. If he was sick, he would bear the pain or discomfort which he suffered very patiently, without any fretting or complaining; and he never made the least difficulty about taking the necessary medicine.

One afternoon, for example, when he was about nine years old, he came in from his work in the yard looking pale and sick.

"Why, Willie!" exclaimed his aunt, "what is the matter

Willie is sick. He takes his medicine himself. His courage.

with you? Do you feel unwell? Your lips are as white as your forehead."

Willie said that he did not feel well.

Willie's aunt was ironing when he came in, but she immediately put her flat iron down, and came to take the sick boy in her arms. She sat down in the rocking chair, and took him in her lap.

"You are quite sick, Willie," said she.

"Oh no," said he, "I am not very sick. If I take some rhubarb, I shall soon be well again."

Willie had often had such attacks before, and his aunt had given him rhubarb, so that he knew exactly what he ought to take.

"If you will put the vial, and a spoon, and a cup on the table," continued Willie, "I will measure it out, and take it myself, and you can go back to your work. And then," he added, laughing, "you will not see me make my wry faces."

So his aunt brought him the things that he had asked for, and then went back to her work. Willie measured out the dose, and drank it down, and then went into the bed-room, and, pulling out his little trundle-bed, he lay down upon it and went to sleep. In two hours he waked up again, and found himself quite well.

Willie was a very courageous boy in other respects, and he felt a great interest at all times in defending his aunt against all danger, real or imaginary, which might chance to menace her. On the next page is a picture representing him in the act of killing a lizard which he saw crawling on a rock one summer afternoon, when he and his aunt were coming home together from meeting, by a wild and rocky path across the pastures. Willie thought that the lizard was venomous; his aunt, in fact, thought so too.

Willie killing the lizard. Noxious animals and vermin.

So Willie got a large stone, and threw it down upon the unhappy

reptile, and killed him at once. It is right to destroy noxious animals and vermin wherever we find them, though Willie and his

The lizard was really harmless. Little Jumper. She is about to be killed.

aunt were both mistaken in supposing that this lizard was venomous. Such lizards as this never even bite, nor even, if they should bite, would there be any poison in the wound. They are entirely harmless.

Willie's uncle and aunt became so strongly attached to him in consequence of these things, and on account of his gentle, and considerate, and dutiful behavior, that they yielded to his wishes in almost all respects, and generally allowed him to do what he liked, and to have whatever he asked for. This was owing, in part, however, to the fact that he was so reasonable and thoughtful, that he scarcely ever asked for any thing that it was not proper for him to have.

One time he saved the life of a calf through the influence which he had over his uncle. It was a very gay and frolicsome calf, and Willie used to take great interest in watching its gambols, as it raced about old Juno in the yard. Willie called the calf Little Jumper.

One morning, soon after breakfast, Willie saw a rough-looking man coming into the yard, with a pretty large knife in his hand. It was the butcher. Willie went out to him, and asked him what he was going to do with that knife.

"I am going to kill the calf," said he.

"What calf?" exclaimed Willie, quite alarmed; "not Little Jumper?"

"I don't know about her being a jumper," said the butcher. "It is your uncle's calf that I am going to kill."

Willie immediately ran into the barn, and, taking his place before the door of the pen where the calf was kept, he braced his

back against it so as to prevent its being opened, and declared that Little Jumper should not be killed.

The man said that he *must* kill the calf, and attempted to take Willie away and open the door. Willie then slipped by him, ran into the pen, and, clasping the calf round the neck with his arms, he begged the butcher to go away.

"You *must not* kill this calf," said he.

The butcher said that he must kill her.

"No," said Willie; "you must go and ask my uncle to come here."

"Why, that will not do any good," said the butcher. "He has made up his mind to have the calf killed, and I must kill her."

"Then you must kill me first," said Willie. And he clung to the neck of the calf closer than ever.

The butcher, finding that Willie could not be got away very easily, concluded to go and ask Willie's uncle to come. When he came, and found how earnest Willie was to have the calf's life spared, he told the butcher that, on the whole, he would change his mind. He had had some thoughts, he said, of raising the calf before, and, since Willie was desirous of saving her, he would give up the plan of killing her, and would let her grow up into a cow.

Willie was very much delighted at this decision, and he now became more strongly attached to Little Jumper than ever. Finally, his uncle said that, since he had saved the calf's life, and as he was, moreover, so good a boy, he might have her for his own.

"Only," said he, "you must take good care of her, and feed her well as she grows up, if you wish to have her grow into a good cow."

Some account of Mr. Joyn's house in Jayne.

Willie did take most excellent care of her. In the winter, he went out regularly into the barn, morning and night, with his uncle, and fed Little Jumper and some of the other cattle, while his uncle was feeding the rest. He cultivated little patches of turnips and carrots too, to give her, and fed her with them from his own hand, in such a way as to make her very tame and very fond of him. In process of time, she grew up, and became an exceedingly good cow.

In this manner, Willie lived with his uncle and aunt until he was about twelve years old. Then a great change took place in his condition and prospects. How this happened will be explained in the next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

BESSIE.

Mr. Joyn, the carpenter, Willie's father, was a very thriving and prosperous young man at the time of his marriage. He had saved a great portion of the money that he had earned while he was a journeyman, and had bought a small lot of land with it, in the village where he worked. He built a small but neat shop in the back part of this lot, and made a path leading to it from the front gate. He set out trees and shrubbery on each side of this path, which made the access to his shop very pleasant indeed. In this shop he set up work for himself, and began, at the same time, to build a house on the front part of the lot. He worked for other people, the greater part of the time, in his shop, and, at intervals, as he

could find leisure and opportunity, he would work upon his house. With the money that he earned in his shop, in working for other people, he bought timber, and boards, and nails, and glass, and locks, and latches, and all other such things that were necessary for his house, as he could not make himself. In due time his house was finished, and then he married a wife, and was ready to begin the world in earnest, as a thriving and prosperous man. His affairs were in this prosperous condition during the period when Willie went to live at his aunt's, and this made it very pleasant for Willie to go home from time to time, and pay his father and mother a visit. Among other things, there were a set of book-shelves in the back part of the sitting-room, with a great many interesting books upon them, and a table before them where Willie used often to sit and read, or draw upon his slate, while his sister Bessie was engaged in the morning with her mother. At such times visitors would occasionally come in, and Willie would receive them in a very polite and gentlemanly manner, as is represented in the opposite engraving, and, after asking them to take a seat, would go and call his mother.

In a word, Mr. Joyn was a very thrifty and prosperous, and also a very well-informed and intelligent man, and was rapidly rising in the estimation of all who knew him. Things went on in this way for some time, until at length a man by the name of Tomms opened a store in the village, and kept rum, brandy, and gin for sale in the back part of it. The casks that contained these liquors were set up in a row, on skids, in the back part of the store, near the fire-place, with the name of the contents of each barrel painted upon it in bright letters. Tomms used to sell these liquors to

Picture of Willie receiving company.

such young men as would buy them, at three cents a glass. They

did not cost him, upon an average, more than thirty or forty cents a gallon, for they were all made of the same kind of alcohol, col-

ored and flavored with different dyes and drugs, so as to make them seem as if they were really what they pretended to be. Now if we suppose that the cost of a gallon was thirty-two cents, that would make only half a cent a glass, for there are at least as many as sixty-four glasses in a gallon. So that old Tomms, as the people called him, for every glass that he sold for three cents, made two and a half cents profit. Sometimes there would be twenty or thirty men in his store in a single winter evening, and they would take two or three glasses apiece before they went home, so that he would gain five or six cents each out of them all. This would make a dollar and a half or two dollars, which was a large sum to be gained by doing nothing but serving out liquor to a party of men, for one single evening.

Nor was this the principal source of his profit. He kept other things in his store for sale besides liquors; and when he had got his customers a little excited by the rum or the gin which they had bought of him, he could easily persuade them to buy his other goods. They would often thus buy what they did not need, and they would almost always pay for what they did buy more than it was worth. One of the special effects of alcohol on the mind of a man is to destroy the soundness of his judgment, and to make him sanguine and visionary. Old Tomms would tell his customers, when he had got them somewhat excited with liquor, what great crops they were likely to have, and how good their business was going to be. Thus they could be easily made to feel that they were very rich and prosperous, and that they could afford to buy whatever they pleased.

"It is no matter about the money," he would say; "I will trust you as long as you please."

Ruin brought upon Old Tomms' customers.

When Tomms had got a customer considerably in debt to him by these means, he would call upon him for payment at a time when he knew very well that the man had no money, and then make him give up a horse or a cow, or some of his sheep, to satisfy the debt. In these cases he would always get these animals for much less than they were worth, so as to make a great profit on them when he came to sell them again. After he had thus got away all the movable property of his customers, he would still go on getting them in debt, and then finally take away their shops or their farms, to pay the debts they owed him, and thus would, in the end, ruin them entirely. When, at length, they had no more property that he could take from them, then, of course, he would not trust them any more. Then, being driven out of the comfortable houses where they had once lived, these poor men would be forced to move into some wretched shanty or hovel in the outskirts of the town, and live there in utter destitution. They would become, too, so disheartened and discouraged at their misfortunes, and so degraded by the influence of drink, that they would cease to make any further effort, and give themselves up a prey to hopeless despondency. It was a melancholy sight to see the children of such a family as this gath-

Poor children trying to warm themselves. Beginning of Mr. Joyn's troubles.

ering round a little fire made of sticks which they had picked up out of doors, while their mother would wring her hands in her distress, and the wretched father sit by in silent despair.

Unfortunately, Mr. Joyn fell into old Tomms' hands, and it was not long before a great change began to come over all his prospects and plans. He gradually formed the habit of spending his evenings in Mr. Tomms' store, with other idle and dissipated men. He was then unfit for work the next day; and so, instead of employing himself industriously and happily in prosecuting his business, he would pass a great deal of the time in lounging about his shop, in a very gloomy and miserable state of mind. His buildings were neglected, and began to get out of repair. He made bad bargains, buying at very high prices new things that he did not want, and selling his tools and other necessary things at much below their real value. Once he bought a horse of old Tomms for ninety-five dollars, and then, after keeping him a month, he became tired of him, and sold him back again for eighty dollars. In excuse for paying so much less for the horse than he had himself received for him, Mr. Tomms pretended that he was lame. This was not true; but as Mr. Joyn was half tipsy at the time, he was easily persuaded to believe it. By such

transactions as these, Mr. Joyn at last got very deeply in debt, and, in short, was very rapidly going to ruin.

We have already said that Willie's mother had three children. The eldest was a daughter. Her name was Elizabeth, though she was generally called Bessie. She was two years older than Willie. Willie was the next; and the other child was an infant at the time when Willie went away, being about four years younger than Willie. Of course, now that Willie was twelve years old, this boy was eight. His name was Alphonso.

Elizabeth—or Bessie, as they commonly called her—was a beautiful and gentle girl, the pride and joy of the house. She grew fast, but her constitution did not seem to be strong; and when she found what course her father had entered upon, knowing well, as she did, where it would probably end, the thought seemed at first to prey upon her spirits, and, before long, began visibly to affect her health. She soon seemed to be going into a decline. She lingered some months without suffering much pain, but growing much weaker and paler every day, until at last it began to be very plain that she was soon to die. One evening, about sunset, as she was sitting in a large easy chair which her mother had fitted up for her at a window in a back room which looked out toward the shop, now deserted and desolate, her mother, looking up toward her, saw that her eyes were filled with tears. Her mother immediately went to her, and, putting her arms around her neck, she said,

"Bessie, dear, what is the matter with you?"

Bessie tried to smile, and said that nothing was the matter. She put her hand up to her mother's forehead, and began to stroke

back the hair with her long and slender fingers—so delicate and white—and said, in a tremulous and gentle tone,

"I wish I could live, mother, and get well, so as to help you bear the sorrows that are coming upon you, but I can not. I shall soon be gone, and you will be left all alone."

Her mother bowed her head upon her dear child's shoulder, and sobbed aloud, but she could not speak.

"You will send for Willie to come home, mother, when I am gone," continued Bessie, "and he will help you. He is a very manly boy, and he will be able to help you a great deal more than I could do. Keep up a good heart, mother; and if father ever troubles you or makes you unhappy, remember me, and forgive him for my sake. I am sure that he does not mean to make you suffer."

Just at this moment steps were heard coming along the path by the side of the house which led to the shop. Mrs. Joyn knew that it was her husband that was coming. So she rose hastily, and brushed away the tears from her eyes, and resumed her work. It made her husband angry to see her look sad, and so she always endeavored to conceal her sorrows.

Mr. Joyn struck his shoulder against the side of the door as he came in, and then fell against a chair; but, recovering his balance, he came over to where Bessie was sitting, and looked upon her in a very affectionate manner.

"Bessie, my girl," said he, "how fares it with you to-day? You look better, only a little downcast. That won't do—not at all. Keep a stiff upper lip, and never say die."

Having uttered these counsels to his dying child, he stood bal-

ancing himself before her as well as he could, and waited for her answer.

"Yes, father," said she, "I will keep a good heart; but if I *should* die, you will always be kind to mother—won't you, father, for my sake?"

Her father gazed at her for a moment stupidly, as if he did not rightly understand what she said. Then, without replying, he turned away, and, walking to another part of the room, he sank down into a chair, drew his hat over his eyes, stretched out his feet, and was soon asleep.

Poor Bessie died that night.

They did not send for Willie to come to the funeral. "Willie will have sorrow enough, poor boy," said his mother to herself, "in what is to come in the end. I will save him all I can in the beginning." So she did not send for him till about a week after his sister had been laid in her grave.

When that time had expired, she sat down one evening at a little table in a corner of the room, and taking out some paper and a pen and ink from a drawer, she began to write a letter to her sister. She began it thus:

My dear Mary,—I suppose you have heard that my poor dear Bessie—

When she had got so far, she found that she could not proceed, and so she put down her pen, and laid her arm upon the edge of the table, and her forehead upon her arm, and wept long and bit-

terly. At length, fearing that her husband might come in, and be angry with her for manifesting such signs of grief, she dried her tears and attempted to go on with her letter. After making many fruitless attempts to proceed, and blotting her paper again and again with her tears, she succeeded in finishing her letter. It was as follows:

My dear Sister Mary, — I suppose you have heard that my poor dear Bessie is gone. We laid the dear, dear child in her grave about a week ago. I am broken-hearted. And now I want you to send Willie home. I suppose it will be hard for you to part with him, for I expect you love him by this time as much almost as if he were your own boy. But he is my boy after all, and I feel as if I must have him at home now. Things do not go well with us. My husband's business is not good, and he is not in good spirits. Many of his tools are sold, and some of the furniture; and a few days ago we lost our cow by an accident in the pasture, which was a great loss indeed. I do not say these things to distress you on my account, but to let you see how much I need Willie to comfort me. So I hope you will send him as soon as you can.

Your affectionate, but sorrowing sister,

Sarah Joyn.

As soon as this letter was received by Willie's aunt, it was at once decided to send Willie immediately home.

The letter received. Effect of it upon Willie's mind.

CHAPTER III.

RETURNING HOME.

The road was a very wild and solitary one which led from the village where Willie's father and mother lived, to his uncle's farm, and there was no mail communication between the two places. The letter, therefore, calling for Willie to return home, was sent by a teamster who happened to be traveling that way. The distance was about thirty-five miles. The teamster delivered the letter on the evening of the second day after he received it. It came just as the family were sitting down to supper.

Willie was greatly excited by the sudden change which thus came over his prospects and plans. He was very sorry to leave his uncle and aunt, at whose house he had had so pleasant a home for so long a time; but he could not but experience a certain emotion of pleasure at the thought of going to see his father and mother, and a feeling of interest in the new scenes and occupations to which he supposed he should be introduced on his return to his native village. In fact, young persons, especially those that are active and enterprising in their disposition and character, are almost always pleased at the idea of any change, especially one which introduces them to new and higher spheres of occupation and duty.

"You had better go up and pack your chest immediately after supper, Willie," said his aunt.

Willie prepares to go home. He packs his chest. His playthings.

"Yes, aunt," replied Willie, "I will. But how am I to go to Jayne?"

"I don't know," replied his aunt. "Your uncle will plan that for you; but, at all events, your chest must go, in some way or other, and so you had better pack it."

Willie accordingly went up to his garret to pack his chest. He put all his playthings in, as well as his clothes. He had a kite, which was just large enough to lie in the bottom of his chest. His aunt had made it for him. It was an excellent kite, being made very strong, though light, and it was covered with thin muslin instead of paper. Thus it could not be easily torn, and it would go up very high. He had a top, too, and a ball, and several little tools—though, perhaps, these tools, being intended for use rather than for amusement, could scarcely be considered as toys. Willie, however, packed all these things into his trunk, as his aunt had directed him to put up every thing that belonged to him.

When he had finished his work, he came down from his garret again, and then went out into the yard, and thence into the barn, and shed, and garden, in order to take a farewell view, as it were, of the scenes in which he had spent so many happy hours. He walked up and down the garden, looking at the beds which he had so often weeded, and at the little patches of corn and potatoes which he had hoed.

"The weeds," said he to himself, "if they only knew it, would be *glad*, I suppose, that I am going away."

It is not every boy who would have any occasion to make such a reflection as this. I know of many in respect to whom

Willie takes leave of Little Jumper. His parting advice to her.

it is a matter of entire indifference with the weeds in their father's garden whether they are at home, or where they are.

Willie then went into the barn. Little Jumper looked round, when she heard the door open, to see who was coming.

"But *you* would be *sorry*, I know," said he; "and *I* am very sorry that I am not going to see you any more."

So he went up to the side of Little Jumper, and leaned upon her neck. She was so tame, and so accustomed to Willie's company, that she went on eating her hay without appearing to pay any attention to him, though undoubtedly the thought that her kind young master was by her gave her a distinct sensation of pleasure.

Willie put his hand upon the top of her head, between her horns, and began rubbing the place with the ends of his fingers. Little Jumper then stopped eating her hay, and held perfectly still.

"I am very sorry to go away, and not to see you any more, Little Jumper," said he; "but they will take good care of you, and give you plenty of hay this winter, and you must give them as much milk as you can in return, and always stand still while they are milking you."

After having given his cow this judicious and excellent counsel, and promising to come and see her the next morning before he went away, Willie went out of the barn and continued his walk. He visited, in this manner, all the places in and around his uncle's buildings and yards, which were connected with pleasant associations in his mind. He looked down into the well, and drew up a bucket full of water, saying to himself, as he did it, "This is the last time." He then went down the path that led to the spring

Willie goes to bed. His little bed-room. The roof overhead.

where he used to go with his aunt after water, before the well had been dry. He went into the shed, and put a stick of wood upon his little saw-horse, and sawed it off, and then hung up the saw in its proper place, upon a peg on the beam. He then walked out to the great front gate, and stood there for several minutes, looking up and down the road, to take a farewell view of the scenes where he had spent so many happy hours. The tears came into his eyes, but he brushed them hastily away, and, turning round, he walked back resolutely toward the house.

Willie went to bed very early that night, as he wished to be up in good season in the morning. His aunt went up to the little attic where his bed was, in order to see him and talk with him a while before he went to sleep, as she had been accustomed to do. The way to this attic was up a sort of ladder in the corner of the kitchen.

Willie's bed was in a corner of the attic, under the eaves of the house. The slanting rafters were directly over his head. There was a small window by the side of the bed, where Willie was accustomed to look out when he got up in the morning, in order to see if the weather was pleasant. When it was actually raining, he always knew the fact before he got up, by the sound of the rain-drops pattering upon the roof over his head. By the side of the window, on the level with Willie's head when he was standing up, there was a shelf. Willie kept his Bible on this shelf. Under the shelf, and partly under the window, was his chest. The chest served him for a seat, as he had no chair in his attic. He did not need one, in fact, for his chest was better than a chair, inasmuch as there was room enough upon it for two.

Willie says his prayers and goes to bed. A light coming.

In a word, Willie's sleeping-place was very convenient and pleasant in all respects. He liked it very much indeed.

Willie undressed himself and went to bed, thinking, mournfully, that it was the last time, probably, that he should sleep in that bed for many years.

He knelt down by the side of his bed, and prayed to God to forgive him all that he had done that was wrong since he had been living with his uncle and aunt, and to bless and take care of him, now that he was going away, perhaps never to return to them. He prayed, too, for help from God that he might be dutiful and faithful to his father and mother, and that he might help them a great deal in what they had to do. When his prayer was finished, he got into his bed, and covered himself up with the clothes. He felt sad, it must be confessed, and yet, somehow or other, he could not help feeling happy.

Presently he saw a faint light gleaming on the rafters over his head. It was his aunt coming up the ladder with a candle. She came to his bed, put the candle on the little shelf where the Bible was, and sat down on the chest.

"Well, Willie," said his aunt, as soon as she had taken her seat, "have you got all ready?"

"Yes, aunty," said Willie, "all ready."

Here there was a little pause. Willie said nothing, and his aunt was silent. She seemed to be thinking of some project which she had in her mind. At length she turned toward Willie with a smile upon her face.

"Willie," said she, "do you think you could drive Little Jumper to Jayne?"

Picture of Jayne. Proposal about Little Jumper.

Jayne was the name of the village where Willie's father lived. It was a very pleasant village, situated on the bank of a stream.

"Do you think you could drive her there?" asked Willie's aunt.

"Yes, indeed!" said Willie, rising upright in his bed, and looking toward his aunt with a countenance full of excitement and pleasure. "*Yes, indeed!* May I take her?"

"Yes," replied his aunt. "Your uncle says that she is your cow, and that you may take her if you please."

"I did not know that she was mine to take away," said Willie. "I thought she was only mine to feed and milk."

Boys of Willie's age make a great many nice distinctions in re-

Conversation between Willie and his aunt.

spect to the tenure of property. They hold their possessions usually under various limits and restrictions, some real, and some imaginary. Willie had no idea that the cow was his to "drive away."

"Yes," replied his aunt, "the cow is yours, and you can do what you please with her. Your father has lost his cow lately, and so I presume that yours will be of great service to him. But then it is a long way to drive her. You would have to walk all the way, and it would take you two days."

"No matter for that," said Willie. "I shall like to drive her very much indeed. Besides, she will be company for me on the way."

"Very well," said his aunt. "Then you may get up early to-morrow morning, and I will give you a good breakfast, and you shall set out immediately afterward."

"And now, Willie," continued his aunt, "it is a hard thing for such a young boy as you to go out into the world, and encounter so many troubles, and trials, and difficulties as I am afraid you will have to bear."

It seemed somewhat strange to Willie that his going home to the house of his father and mother should be represented by his aunt as going out into a world of trouble and difficulty; but he did not express this thought. He waited to hear what more his aunt had to say.

"I am afraid that you will have a hard time of it sometimes," said his aunt; "but set your heart as much as you have done, since you have been here, on doing your duty, and put your trust in God, and he will take care of you. Whenever you are in any

trouble, always go first and ask Him to help you, and he will. Or, at least, he will certainly comfort your heart, if he does not at once help you out of your trouble.

"I shall think of you, Willie, dear, all the time when you are gone. It is very hard for me to part with you, but it is my duty to give you up. So I do it."

Her voice faltered as she spoke these words, and she could not say any more. She waited some little time in silence, and then, having become more composed, she kneeled down by the bedside, and, bending over so as to bring her cheek close to Willie's on the pillow, she began to pray that God would bless her dear boy, and take care of him, and defend him from harm, and bring him and her to a happy meeting again at some future day. Then she kissed him, and bidding him good-night, she took the candle and went down stairs.

The next morning Willie woke early, and having looked out at the window, and observed that it was going to be a bright and beautiful day, he dressed himself and went down the ladder. It was arranged that he was to set out on his journey immediately after breakfast. He was to lead Little Jumper by means of a cord fastened round her neck in the manner of a halter. He liked this plan better than to drive her before him in the road, as it made her seem more like a companion; and the cow herself, being accustomed to go to and from the pasture in this fashion, had no objection to it. His aunt said that she should go with him a mile or two, as she wished to see him well under way. The chest was to be sent by the first teamster that should come along. The key of the chest Willie was to carry in his pocket

Willie sets out on his journey. His appearance. He stops to dine.

This plan was carried into effect accordingly. After breakfast, Willie brought out the cow, and prepared to set forth on his journey. His aunt made him a small pack, which contained such clothes as he would want on the way, and some cake and cheese to eat for his luncheon. This pack Willie put upon his back, and then, bidding his uncle good-by, he set out. His aunt went with him for nearly two miles, and then, at the top of a hill, she bade him good-by. She then sat down on a stone by the side of the road, and watched Willie as he descended the hill, keeping her eyes fixed intently upon him, until at length he disappeared at a turn of the road. Her eyes then filled with tears. She rose from her seat, and walked very slowly and mournfully home.

CHAPTER IV.

THE JOURNEY.

Willie had, on the whole, quite a prosperous journey, though he met with several somewhat remarkable incidents by the way.

He walked along, in traveling, by the side of his cow, holding the cord which was attached to her neck in one hand, and carrying a stout walking-stick in the other. His pack was on his back; and altogether he looked quite like a wayfaring traveler.

He stopped to dine about noon, at the roadside, at a place where there was a great deal of green grass, and a brook. Both he himself and the cow took a drink from the brook to begin with, and then the cow proceeded to eat the grass, while Willie made his dinner from the provisions which his aunt had put into his pack.

He milked a dipper full of milk, however, first, from the cow, which, together with his cakes, made him an excellent dinner. After eating as much grass as she wanted, the cow lay down to rest under the margin of the bushes, and Willie, feeling tired, followed her example, and lay down pretty near to her.

The sight of this brook, as Willie lay thus in repose upon the bank of it, and the gurgling sound made by the water, awakened in him, for a moment, some mournful thoughts, as it reminded him of a similar stream that flowed near his uncle's house, and was called the Beaver Brook, where he used often to go a fishing. There was a shelving place upon a high rocky bank, on the margin of the Beaver Brook, opposite to a deep place in the water, where Willie used to delight to go and sit, with a little dog lying by his side, and fish for the trouts which he could often see darting hither and thither in the water below. It made Willie sad to

Willie stops for the night. He sets out again next morning.

think that he should never fish in this place again; but his sadness did not long continue, nor was it very profound. In fact, it was not long before he was fast asleep. Thus both Little Jumper and Willie were asleep together. In about two hours afterward, they both awoke, and resumed their journey.

Willie stopped for the night at a small tavern by the roadside. He watered the cow first at a tub before the pump in the yard, and afterward putting her into the barn, he gave her plenty of hay, and then milked her. He gave the milk to the tavern-keeper's wife in part payment for his night's lodging. He had money enough to pay the rest of the charge.

The next morning he set out again, pretty early, on his journey, and went on very prosperously for some time. At length, however, he began to be a little weary of so monotonous a mode of traveling, walking along so slowly all the time by the side of his cow.

"I wish I had a book to read," said he. "I could read very easily as I am walking along."

Just then he heard a team coming up behind him. On looking round, he saw that it was a loaded wagon, and, quite to his surprise and joy, he saw the end of his chest near the top of the load.

"There's my chest," said he. "Now, if the man would only let me open it, I could get a book. I put some books into it, very near the top."

The teamster overtook Willie and the cow just as they were going up a hill, and so, for a time, the horses walked, and Willie easily kept up with them.

"That's my chest that you have got up there," said Willie.

"How do I know that it is your chest?" said the teamster.

"Why, it certainly is mine," said Willie. "It came from my uncle's."

"There's no proof of that," said the teamster. "Any body may claim a chest which he sees going along the road, whether it belongs to him or not."

"But I have got the key to it in my pocket. That's proof."

"Yes," said the teamster, "if you have really got the key to it, that is something like proof."

Presently the teamster stopped a moment to rest his horses, and Willie, taking the key out of his pocket, held it up.*

"See," said he.

"True," said the teamster. "But how do I know but that you have stolen the key from its true owner."

The man looked down upon Willie from his high seat in front of the wagon with a good-humored smile upon his countenance while he was making these objections. He knew very well, all the time, that Willie was the owner of the trunk, and he only said these things to make a little pleasant talk for himself as he was going up the hill.

"I can prove to you that the chest is mine," said Willie, "by telling you what there is inside of it."

"Well," said the man, "that's fair. What is there inside of it?"

"Why, in the first place," said Willie, "there is my kite down at the bottom of it."

"Oh, I would not look down to the bottom of it," rejoined the teamster. "Tell me what is on the top."

* See Frontispiece.

He proves himself the owner of the trunk.

"Well, pretty near the top, on the left hand side," replied Willie, "there are some books; and I wish very much to get one of them out to read on the way."

"What is the name of the book that you wish to get?" asked the teamster.

"It is a book of stories about dogs," replied Willie.

"Very well," said the teamster; "you look like an honest boy, and so, when I get to the top of the hill, I will stop, and you may try your key in the chest; and if I find that the key fits, and that there is a book of stories about dogs in it in the left-hand side, I shall conclude that the chest really belongs to you, and I will let you take the book. But then I think you ought to let me have a drink of milk from your cow to pay me for stopping."

"Well," replied Willie, "I will do that."

So, when the teamster got to the top of the hill, he stopped his horses, and Willie, leaving his cow to eat the grass by the roadside the meanwhile, climbed up to the top of the load on the wagon, and tried his key. Of course it fitted. On opening the chest, he found the book in the place he had described. He took it out, locked his chest again, and climbed down. He then took his dipper out from his pack, and milked a dipper full of milk from his cow, and gave it to the teamster. The teamster drank it, and said it was most excellent milk, and that he had made a most excellent bargain.

"I wish I could get as good a drink as that," he said, "for stopping on the top of every hill."

Willie was as much pleased with the bargain as the teamster himself. He was rejoiced to get the book, and he went on for

Picture of Willie walking along the road.

several hours reading in his book as he walked along. The reading beguiled the way in a very agreeable manner.

Willie found, at first, that it was somewhat difficult to keep his book steady enough, while walking, to read conveniently, and, if Little Jumper had not been very quiet, he could not have done it at all. He had, in fact, a great many things to attend to—his

A great drove comes along. Little Jumper gets caught in it.

pack and stick to carry, his book to hold, and his cow to lead, but, with attention and care, he soon learned to manage quite well.

At length, just before noon, when Willie was beginning to look out for a place to stop for dinner, he met with an adventure of a very different character from his meeting with the team—one which, for a time, led him into serious difficulty. A drove of cattle came along the road, in a direction contrary to the one in which he was going. Willie had met a herd of cattle the day before; but as soon as he saw them coming, he drove Little Jumper out of the road along a narrow lane which led into the bushes, until he had got her in a safe place, and then, taking his stand between her and the road, he prevented the cattle from going toward her. Thus he kept her safe by herself until the drove had gone by. In this instance, however, the drove came upon him so suddenly, on account of a turn in the road which there happened to be just there, that he had no time to get away. The immense concourse of fat and heavy cows and oxen came pouring on, filling up the whole road, from side to side, and threatening to overwhelm every thing that came in their way. Willie would very probably have been borne down and trampled under foot if he had not run out to the side of the road and climbed upon the fence until the densest portion of the mass had gone by. As for the cow, she was carried away by the throng, being jostled and jammed on every side as she went by the great oxen around her, and wondering what had happened. The cord, which Willie had dropped in his terror, hung dangling from her neck, the end of it just clearing the ground.

Willie was, for a moment, quite bewildered with the astonishment and alarm which so unexpected a turn in his circumstances

The drover is very hard-hearted. Willie is greatly perplexed and distressed.

was calculated to inspire. But he was not a boy to give up long to such feelings, and he soon recovered his self-possession. So, climbing down from the fence, he ran to the road again, just as the drover himself was coming along on his horse, and told the drover that his cow had got among the cattle, asking him, at the same time, if he would not help him get her out again.

"Confound your cow!" said the drover; "what do I care about your cow?"

Willie was very much astonished at hearing this rude and cruel reply from the drover, and he was greatly at a loss to know what to do. He ran along after the drove, terrified beyond measure. He caught an occasional glimpse of Little Jumper, who was still in the midst of the throng of the oxen, pressed and jammed on every side by the monstrous beasts, and swayed to and fro by them from one side of the road to the other, like a log floating among a mass of drift-wood. Willie ran along the road-side after her, in great anxiety and distress, and not knowing what he should do.

For a time, the only idea which he had in his mind was, that he must keep the cow in sight, as he feared that if he were to lose her from his view she would be lost entirely. So he kept watch of her, as well as he could, by fastening his eyes upon the strap around her neck to which the cord was attached, and when he lost sight of the halter, in some unusually dense jam of the herd, he watched her horns as they were tossed up and down, in the midst of the throng of heads that surrounded them, with a motion indicating that Little Jumper was struggling earnestly to get free from the jam.

His plan for recovering his cow. He does not succeed in it.

Willie soon concluded that he would go out to one side of the road, and run forward in the fields until he got entirely in advance of the herd, and so try to stop his cow when the herd came along. He accordingly did this. He climbed over the wall, and ran along in the field. He picked up a large stick by the way, intending to use it against the oxen as a weapon of defense. By running about a quarter of a mile, he got before the herd, and then he climbed over the fence again, and got into the road. He then took his station in the middle of the road, at a place where the way was pretty wide, so as to afford room for the cattle to scatter a little in going by, and there, armed with his stick, he waited for the foremost oxen to come on.

"I'll drive them off to the right hand and to the left," said he, "and then, when Little Jumper comes, I'll seize her by the cord, and hold her still till they all go by."

This was a very good plan, and, if Willie had been a little larger and stronger, he would probably have been able to execute it pretty easily. In fact, he did succeed in dispersing the foremost oxen of the drove, for they came at first in scattered groups, two or three at a time. The rest, however, came on in dense and denser masses, and Little Jumper unfortunately was far in the rear. Long before she came up, the road seemed to be jammed perfectly full, from side to side, with the monstrous beasts that advanced, some bellowing, others pawing the ground, and others tossing their horns in the air in a frightful manner. Willie very soon saw that it would not be safe for him to attempt to stand against such an onset. So he prudently gave way, and, turning round, he ran forward again, along the road, until he got away from the herd.

Then he went out to one side of the road, and, climbing up upon the fence, he sat there, gazing with a disconsolate and despairing air on the great throng as it went crowding and struggling by. He saw Little Jumper among the rest, wedged in, in the thickest of the jam.

The drover came along behind the drove, riding on his horse, and cracking his whip toward the right side and the left, in order to urge on the scattered beasts that were disposed to lag behind.

"Well, boy, can't you get your cow?" said he to Willie.

"No," said Willie, "and I don't know what I shall do."

"There's a place about two miles ahead," rejoined the drover, "where I shall let them all stop to drink, and if you'll help me with the drove till I get there, then I'll help you get your cow out."

During this conversation Willie had descended from the fence, and had come out to the road, and he was now walking by the side of the drover.

"What can I do to help you?" asked Willie.

"Why, there is a fork in the road on here about a mile," said the drover, "and some of the cattle will be likely to go wrong at that place if there is not somebody there to stop them. You must get before the drove, and run on till you get to that place, and so make them all go to the right when they come along. I had a man with me in a wagon, but he stopped back here to get the *tire* mended, so I have not any body now to help me."

"How far is it to the fork?" asked Willie.

"About a mile," said the drover.

"And how far is it from there to where you are going to stop?" asked Willie.

"About a mile more, or a mile and a half," said the drover.

"Well," said Willie, "I will."

So Willie climbed over the fence again and ran forward. When he came to the fork of the road, he took his stand there, at the left-hand branch, and prevented the cattle from turning in that way when the herd came along. Then he followed the herd with the drover till they came to a place where a large brook ran across the road. Here all the cattle stopped to drink, and a great many of them lay down on the grass to rest. The herd became so scattered at this halt that Willie easily went in among them, and catching Little Jumper by the halter, he conducted her out from among the oxen, and walked along with her, in the road, till he had got entirely clear of the herd. Then he led her up to a log which lay on the grass by the side of the road, and, keeping the end of the halter in his hand for security, he sat down upon the log to rest.

CHAPTER V.

QUESTION ABOUT A MORTGAGE.

It might be supposed that Willie's troubles were now at an end; but when the poor boy came to reflect a little upon his situation, he began to think that they had but just begun. He found, on making a little calculation, that he had been taken about five miles out of his way by the unfortunate accident which had befallen him. He had come nearly two miles before he had made the agreement with the drover about stopping at the brook, and after-

Willie is in serious perplexity about his plans for the night.

ward he had come about three miles further, instead of two, as the drover had said it would be. The drover had understated the distance that he would have to go with the herd, as men not strictly honorable in their dealings are, in such cases, very apt to do. It was at least five miles in all, and he had been an hour and a half in traveling it.

When Little Jumper had first got caught in the herd it was about twelve o'clock, and Willie was just at that time intending to stop for an hour or two, to rest his cow, and to give her something to eat.. It was now more than half past one, and the cow seemed very much fatigued. She was out of breath, and appeared quite exhausted. At the time when the accident had happened, Willie had calculated that he was within about twelve miles of Jayne, the town where his father lived, and that he would just have time to get home before night. Now he was of course seventeen miles from the end of his journey, and, as he could not begin to travel again until about three o'clock, he saw plainly that his getting home that night was out of the question.

"And what am I to do?" said he to himself, as he walked along; "I am sure I don't know, for I have not got any money."

Willie had taken very little money with him in setting out on his journey, for he had expected to get home the second day, so he had only taken enough to pay for one night at the tavern.

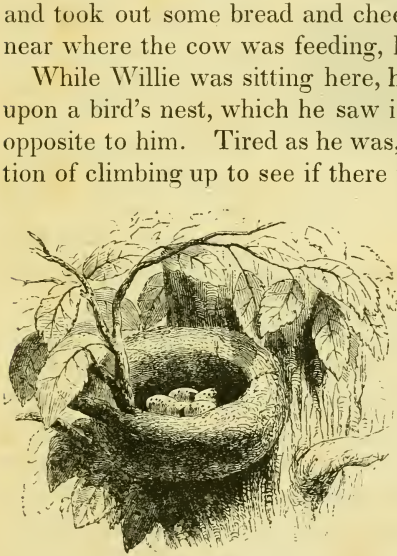
"No matter," said he, after thinking a little longer on the subject, "I shall get along some way or other. We will stop here now, and get a good rest, and then we will go on."

So Willie drove the cow to a place where there was plenty of green grass growing along by the sides of a wood road which led

He resolves first to rest. The bird's nest. Willie climbs up to see it.

off into a grove of trees. He watched the drove of cattle, which still remained at the brook, and as soon as they had gone on, he led the cow down to the brook to give her a drink. Then he led her back again to the grass, and while she was eating, he milked his dipper full of milk, and drank it. Then he milked it full again, and drank again, for the exertion of running, and the heat which it occasioned, had made him very thirsty. Then he opened his pack, and took out some bread and cheese, and sitting down on a rock near where the cow was feeding, he ate his dinner.

While Willie was sitting here, his eye chanced to fall suddenly upon a bird's nest, which he saw in a large tree that stood nearly opposite to him. Tired as he was, he could not resist the temptation of climbing up to see if there were any eggs in the nest. To his great delight, he found that there were five eggs in the nest, all beautifully speckled. The nest itself was a singular one, being very smooth and regular in form; and it was supported, in part, by a small branch, which the birds had built in, as it were, into one side of it.



Willie descended from the tree, after he had examined the nest and the eggs, leaving all things safe, as he found them. He looked about carefully in all directions, hoping to see the birds somewhere that the nest belonged to. But he could not see them.

At one time he thought he heard a fluttering in the woods behind him, and he crept softly in to ascertain what it was. He soon spied two pigeons nestling together in a secluded place in the foliage of the tree. They appeared to be very timid; but Willie crept along so softly that they did not seem to hear him, and so did not fly away. He thought at first that the nest might belong to the pigeons; but he finally concluded that it did not, and so he went back to his place again.

The cow, after eating grass for a time, lay down to rest. Willie allowed her to lie an hour. Then he made her get up, and began to drive her along the road. He went on very prosperously till about six o'clock. Then the cow began to show evident signs of great weariness. Willie resolved to stop at the next tavern. He inquired of a girl, who was drawing water at a well by the roadside where he passed, how far it was to the next tavern, and she told him that there was a public house about two miles farther on. It was a red house, under a large tree, she said; but she would not advise him to stop there, she added, if he could help it.

"Why not?" asked Willie.

"Because it is a rum tavern," said the girl.

"Is there any other tavern pretty near?" asked Willie.

"No," said the girl, "not within five miles."

"Then I suppose I shall have to stop there," said Willie, "although it is a rum tavern."

So he went on.

In an hour more Willie reached the tavern which the girl had described to him. There was a sort of platform before the door of the house, with a piazza over it. It was about sunset when Willie arrived at the place, and he had begun to be very tired.

There was a man sitting on the platform before the door. It was the tavern-keeper himself. He was a very large man, with a red and bloated face. He was tilted back in his chair, and he had his hands clasped together over his head in a very indolent and ungainly attitude.

Willie led his cow up toward the steps of the platform. The man looked at him, but did not move or speak.

Willie fastened his cow to a post by means of the cord, and then came up the steps toward the man.

"Well, boy!" said the tavern-keeper, "what do *you* want?"

"I should like to put up at this tavern to-night, if I can," said Willie, timidly.

"Then why don't you put your cow in the barn and come in," replied the tavern-keeper, in a surly voice, "instead of tying her there to a post, like a fool?"

"Why, I have not got any money," said Willie; "and I thought I ought to tell you first, to see if you are willing to let me come. I will send you the money as soon as I can, after I get home."

A very surly tavern-keeper. Negotiations with him.

The tavern-keeper, on hearing this, uttered a sort of inarticulate sound, expressive of contempt. The sound was very much such a one as you can yourself produce by shutting your mouth and attempting to pronounce the letter *m*, in a short and quick manner, through your nose.

"I certainly will send you the money," said Willie, "just as soon as I get home."

"Home!" repeated the man; "where is your home?"

"In Jayne," said Willie.

"Jayne!" repeated the man, again; "that's about ten miles off —or twelve. It's nearly twelve. And so you have not got any money?"

"No, sir," said Willie.

"And how came you to be traveling about the country, so far away from home, without any money?" asked the tavern-keeper.

Willie then explained to the man who he was and where he was going, and how he had got taken out of his way by the drove of cattle. He said, also, that he was going home to his father's, and that his father would certainly send the money to pay for his night's lodging as soon as he got home.

"Whose cow is that you are driving?" asked the tavern-keeper.

"Mine," said Willie.

"Yours?" exclaimed the tavern-keeper. "You don't expect me to believe that story, I hope."

Willie positively assured the man that it was his cow, and he explained fully how it was that he came to possess her.

"Well," said the tavern-keeper, after Willie had finished his account, "I should charge you half a dollar for supper, lodging,

The tavern-keeper proposes that Willie should mortgage his cow.

and breakfast for yourself, and twenty cents for the cow. That makes seventy cents. Now I'll let you stay if you'll mortgage the cow to me for that money."

"I don't know what you mean by mortgaging her," said Willie.

"Why, leave her with me for security," replied the man. "You give me up the cow to keep till you send the seventy cents. If you don't send the money, then the cow is mine. If you do send the money, then I give you back the cow."

"No," said Willie; "I should not like to do that, for there might be some accident. Perhaps my father could not send the money the very first day."

"Oh, I don't ask it the very first day," said the tavern-keeper. "I will allow you a reasonable time. You may have a week to redeem the cow in. That's long enough, I'm sure. If you mean to pay at all, you can pay in a week. I'll keep the beast a week, and if you don't redeem her before the week is out, your right of redemption is gone."

Willie was very indignant at hearing the tavern-keeper call his Little Jumper a beast, and this consideration would perhaps alone have decided him to reject the offer, if it had been far less objectionable than it was. He was, however, on other accounts, very averse to accede to this proposal. He did not think that there was any reasonable doubt of his being able to redeem the cow if he had mortgaged her, and thus the risk that he would run was merely nominal. Still, he was not willing to run even a nominal risk of losing so great a treasure.

He accordingly told the tavern-keeper that he would rather not mortgage his cow on any terms. So he descended the steps again,

untied the halter from the post, and began to lead her away. As he turned out into the road, he looked back at the tavern-keeper, and saw that he remained sitting in precisely the same attitude as when he first approached him, his chair tilted back against the side of the house, his feet upon the rounds, and his hands clasped together on the top of his head. There was no change whatever, except that, as Willie went away, the man began to whistle a tune.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ARRIVAL.

In leaving the tavern-keeper and recommencing his journey, Willie had no idea in his mind of what he was going to do. His plan was to consider what to do as he went along.

He passed several farm-houses that stood by the roadside, and the question occurred to his mind of going up to some one of them and asking for a night's lodging. But he thought that this would be begging, and he was very unwilling to beg, so he went on trying to think if there was not some other plan that he could adopt.

At length it began to grow dark, and lights appeared occasionally at the windows of the houses as he passed them. It was plain that he must soon come to some conclusion as to what he should do, unless he intended to spend the night upon the road.

"I might ask some of these farmers to let me sleep in their barns," said he to himself. "I don't think that would be exactly begging."

This seemed to Willie to be the best thing that he could do,

He knocks at the farmer's door. Big dog. Betsy.

and yet he could not quite make up his mind to do it, and he actually passed two or three houses where he saw lights at the windows, resolving, at each house, that he would knock at the door of the next. At last, when it had become so dark that he could scarcely see the way to go, he concluded that he must not postpone his resolution any longer; so, when he came to the next farm-house, he led the cow up to the door, and, holding her by the halter with one hand, he knocked timidly with the other, standing, as he did so, on the great flat stone which served for a step.

The front door was open, and Willie accordingly knocked on the door-post at the side of it. The inner door was shut, but Willie saw, through the crack underneath it, a bright flickering light, as from a fire within. His knock was answered by the bark of a dog inside, and immediately afterward Willie heard a very stern voice calling out,

"Down, Tiger! Keep still!"

The voice then added, in a louder key, "Come in."

Willie could not come in, for he did not dare to leave his cow; so he knocked again.

"Come in, I say!" repeated the voice. "Come in!"

Then immediately afterward the same voice added,

"Betsy, go to the door and see who is there."

A moment afterward, the inner door opened, and a little girl, dressed in a blue frock, and with a very mild and gentle face, appeared, and asked Willie if he would not walk in.

"I can't come in," said Willie, "because I have a cow here, and I don't dare to leave her. I have got belated in my journey,

The farmer gives Willie a very cordial invitation to come in.

and have not any money to stop at the tavern, and so I wish to know if you would be willing to have me sleep in your barn."

"In my barn?" said the man, who had overheard what Willie said to Betsy, and now called out from his seat by the fireside. "In my barn? No, not by any means; but if he will come in, we will see what we can do for him in the house. But stop! I'll come out and see about it myself."

So the man came out to the door to see Willie. He did not ask any questions. The moment that he cast his eyes on Willie, and saw how tired he looked, he said,

"Go right in, boy, and sit down by the fire. Wife will get you some supper. I'll take care of the cow."

So the farmer took the halter from Willie's hands, and led the cow away to the barn, while Willie went in. There was a great settle in the chimney corner, and a bright fire blazing on the hearth. This fire was very pleasant, for the evening was cool. There were two children sitting on the settle. The father was sitting with them when Willie knocked, and was employed in showing them some pictures in an almanac. Willie sat down upon this settle. The dog came up to him, and smelled of his knees a minute or two, and then, appearing to be satisfied, went and lay down again.

Willie spent the night at this house, and he had a very excellent time. The farmer's wife prepared him a good supper, and, when bed-time came, they made him up a fine bed in a corner of the attic. The bed was made by first spreading down plenty of clean fresh straw from two bundles which the farmer carried up for the purpose, and then covering the straw with a cotton com-

forter. This made it very nice and soft indeed. Above the comforter there was a sheet and a blanket. It is true, there was only one sheet, but that was enough, for it was so large that Willie could wrap himself up in it entirely. Willie laughed with delight when he got into this bed, and covered himself up warm with the blanket. This happiness, however, soon assumed a more quiet, placid character, as his thoughts reverted to his aunt, and to the happy hours he had spent in talking with her, after he had gone to bed in his little room at her house among the mountains, and to the goodness of God in taking care of him thus far on his journey. He said his prayers with his heart full of devout and grateful reverence, and then fell asleep.

He found himself much rested and refreshed the next morning. Little Jumper, too, seemed quite refreshed. Willie went very early into the barn to see her, and to lead her out to drink. He also gave her a new supply of hay. Soon after breakfast he set out again on his journey, after thanking the farmer very earnestly for his kindness in giving him a lodging.

Willie reached home safely that day before noon. As he entered the village where his father lived, and thought of the joyful meeting with his father and mother, now so near, his heart bounded with anticipations of happiness. He had very delightful recollections of his father's house, and of the shop, and the yard, and gardens that surrounded them. He remembered the pretty little walks where he used to play when he was a child, and the neat beds of flowers, and the smart, town-like character which the buildings presented—the walls so white, and the blinds so green, and the fences and gates so well kept, and so pretty.

Willie enters the village. Dilapidated appearance of his father's house.

With his mind and heart full of these recollections and emotions, Willie walked along the street. But his high anticipations of delight fell very considerably as soon as he came in sight of the house. Instead of the bright and beautiful scene which he had pictured in his imagination, he found that every thing wore a decayed and dilapidated air. The painting of the house had become faded and dingy. Some of the blinds from the windows hung by only one hinge, and some were gone entirely. The front gate was broken down. The side gate was open half way, and in that position it had got fixed, by the lower edge of it sagging to the ground, so that it would not move either way. Some of the windows in the house were broken, and one in the shop showed a pane stopped up by an old hat put there in lieu of glass. The paths were overgrown with weeds, and the branches of the trees were broken. In a word, every thing looked forlorn and desolate.

Willie led his cow into the yard, and fastened her to a post, and then went into the house to find his mother. As soon as his mother saw him coming, she sprang forward to meet him, with a face beaming with smiles and delight, and clasped him in her arms, crying out, at the same time,

"My dear, dear, darling Willie."

She then burst into tears.

Willie was very much astonished to find that his coming seemed to awaken grief in his mother's heart, as well as joy; he had expected that the emotion would have been pure and unmingled joy.

"Mother?" said Willie, in a tone of very tender sympathy, "what is the matter with you?"

His mother dried her tears as soon as she could, and, sitting

down in a chair, she took Willie up in her arms, and clasped him very closely to her heart.

"I am almost too heavy to sit in your lap, mother," said Willie. "I am getting to be a pretty big boy."

"Yes," said his mother, "you are, and I expect that you will be a great comfort to me. Are you glad or sorry to come home?"

"I am sorry to leave my aunt," said Willie, "but I am glad to come home, and see you and father again. Where is father? Is he out in the shop? I must go out and see him."

"No," said his mother. "He is not in the shop now. I don't know where he is. I suppose he will come home by-and-by."

Mrs. Joyn said this in a very mournful and dejected tone of voice. There seemed something very mysterious in her sorrow, and Willie was much perplexed to understand what it meant. It was not long, however, before he understood it too well.

"Your chest has come," said Mrs. Joyn.

"Has it?" said Willie. "Where is it?"

"It is up in your room," said Mrs. Joyn. "I'll go and show you where your room is."

"Well," said Willie; "but first I must go and put the cow in the barn."

"The cow!" said his mother; "what cow?"

Willie then told his mother the story about his cow—how she came to be his in the first instance, and how he had taken care of her while she was growing up from a calf, and about his uncle and aunt's giving him leave to bring her away, when he came, to keep her at home for his own. His mother was exceedingly pleased to hear this intelligence. She went out to see the cow, and

seemed greatly to admire her for her sleekness and beauty. She went out into the barn with Willie to show him where to put her, and seemed, on the whole, to take quite an interest in this new acquisition, and to derive so much pleasure from it, that Willie thought more highly of Little Jumper, and was more proud of her, than he had ever been before.

Willie found the barn in a melancholy state of disorder and confusion. He told his mother that he would put it in order the very first thing. His resolution to do this was prompted, however, in great measure, by his regard for Little Jumper, as he had a sort of feeling that a cow, brought up as she had been, could not be comfortable or happy in such an untidy place.

"I will come out and put it in order this afternoon, immediately after dinner," said Willie.

"Well," said his mother, "I wish you would. I shall be thankful to have it done. And now come in and see your room."

So Mrs. Joyn led Willie back into the house, and showed him the way up stairs to a small chamber which looked out upon the corner of the yard where the shop stood. The chamber was a very pleasant one, and Mrs. Joyn had fitted it up very nicely for Willie's reception. There was a bed in it, and a table with a portable desk upon it. This table and desk had belonged to Bessie. There was a bureau too, with four drawers. Willie's chest was in the room, standing against the wall by the side of the door.

"I'll leave you here," said Mrs. Joyn, after she had shown Willie all about his chamber, "and you can take your things out of your trunk, and put them in the bureau, and on the shelves in the closet, and then you can come down to dinner."

He arranges his bed-chamber. The broken pane. Mr. Joyn's appearance.

So Willie unlocked his trunk, and took out his clothes, his books, and his toys, and began to arrange them in their proper places about the room. He put his books upon a set of shelves which hung near a looking-glass. His kite, which he was very proud of, he hung up upon some nails on the wall. He took out his bat, and a ball which his uncle had made for him, and put them in conspicuous places as ornaments to his room. He did the same with his other playthings, and thus, by the time that his trunk was emptied, his room looked quite well furnished. When all was arranged, Willie took his stand near the door, and surveyed the apartment with a look of great satisfaction. He liked the appearance of the room very much indeed, in all respects, except that in one of the sashes of the window a pane of glass had been broken, and had been replaced by a sheet of brown paper, fastened up with pins. Willie determined that he would ask his mother to let him have that pane mended, and then he thought that his room would be one of the pleasantest he had ever seen.

CHAPTER VII.

MORTGAGING A HOUSE.

When Willie went down stairs again, he found his father there. His father had come home to dinner. He appeared very glad to see his boy again, but Willie was surprised to find how much he was altered in appearance and demeanor. His clothes were very much worn, and were very carelessly put on. His hair was in disorder, and his face wore a sickly and dejected expression.

The shop in great disorder. Willie's offer. Mr. Joyn is discouraged.

After dinner, Willie went out with his father into the shop. He found every where marks of neglect and disorder. The floor was covered with sticks and shavings, the tools were lying about in confusion. Some were dull, some were broken. One of the saw-horses had a leg missing, and was lying tumbled over on the floor. On the bench there were portions of some unfinished work. They seemed to be parts of a table.

Willie surveyed this scene for a minute or two with a sober countenance and a sad heart. He contrasted, in mind, all this disorder and confusion with the neatness, and system, and nice arrangement which prevailed in all the premises at his uncle's farm.

"My shop is not in very good order," said his father.

"Not very," said Willie; "but I'll put it in order the first thing."

"I wish you would," said his father.

"And I'll *keep* it in order too," said Willie. "I can do a great many things for you, father, now I have come home."

These words of Willie's were the first words of comfort and encouragement which any one had addressed to Mr. Joyn for a long time, and they went to his heart. When a man begins to become intemperate and idle, men shun him, and turn their backs upon him, as it were, and they speak no kind and encouraging words to him. Even if, in reflecting upon his condition and his prospects, he begins to repent of his evil ways, and resolves to reform, he often becomes disheartened again very soon, because he finds no one sympathizing with him in his efforts, or manifesting any disposition to aid him.

Besides this tendency to discouragement and despondency which intemperate men suffer, in perceiving that they are looked upon

with contempt by their neighbors and acquaintances, there is a certain physical feeling of depression and gloom which always follows the excitement produced by drinking, and which makes such men almost continually miserable. While the immediate effects of the wine, or other intoxicating drinks which men use, are upon them, especially if they drink together in midnight carousals, they

are filled with the wildest excitement and exhilaration. But they are not really happy even then; and afterward, when the excite-

The unfinished table. Glue-pot broken. A difficulty.

ment is over, a state of dejection ensues, in which remorse for the past, and gloomy forebodings for the future, mingle in the mind, and produce a deep and settled wretchedness. The pain and shame become doubly acute, when, as is usually the case, the sufferer feels that all around him look upon him as fallen and degraded, and feel for him no sentiment of sympathy or good-will. It had been so with Mr. Joyn; and now, when he heard kind words and offers of service, the tones went to his heart, although the person who spoke the words was only a little boy.

"Is this a table that you are making?" said Willie, looking at the unfinished work upon the bench.

"Yes," said Mr. Joyn. "It is a table which I am making for Mr. Jarvis."

"And when are you to get it done?" asked Willie.

"Why, I was to have had it done a week ago," said Mr. Joyn; "but I can't glue it up because my glue-pot is broken."

"Can't you mend the glue-pot?" asked Willie.

"No," said his father. "There is a great crack through the bottom of the kettle, and I can't mend it. I must get a new one."

"Then why don't you buy a new one?" asked Willie.

"Because I have not got any money. I don't expect to get any more money till I can finish this table."

"And you can't finish this table till you get some more money to buy a glue-pot?" asked Willie.

"No," said Mr. Joyn.

Most boys, on becoming acquainted with a difficulty like this, in their father's or mother's affairs, would have paid no particular attention to it, but would have passed on in search of something to

Willie undertakes to make a substitute for the glue-pot.

amuse them. Willie, however, was of a different character. He had been so long trained to usefulness by the instructions and example of his aunt, that he loved to be useful. He had a special desire to be useful now to his father and mother. He had come home, in fact, for that very purpose, and he was on the watch for opportunities to occur in which he would see something to be done that was within the reach and limit of his powers. I advise all the boys and girls who may read this story to imitate Willie's example in this respect. To take an interest only in such things as are amusing and entertaining to yourselves is childish and frivolous. To aim, on the other hand, at the accomplishment of some useful purpose, to watch for occasions in which you can do good, especially by promoting the comfort or furthering the plans of your father and mother, is manly, and generous, and noble.

Willie immediately went to work to put the shop in order, by clearing up the shavings from the floor, and carrying them to the place where it was customary to burn them. While he was doing this, he was occupying his thoughts in trying to contrive some way to get his father out of the glue-pot difficulty.

And here I must pause in my story a moment, to explain the philosophy of a glue-pot; for there is considerable philosophy involved in the construction of this utensil, little as any one would imagine it. Glue, as every one knows, must be dissolved in *hot* water, in order to be used. It is different in this respect from gum arabic, and from some other adhesive substances, which may be dissolved in *cold* water, and may be used cold.

Glue, when dissolved in hot water and kept hot, has very adhesive properties; but when the solution becomes cold, it forms a

gelatinous* mass which has scarcely any adhesive power at all. Consequently, a glue-pot, when the carpenter or cabinet-maker is using it, must be kept hot.

But it must not be made *too* hot. If an iron vessel containing glue dissolved in water were to be put directly over the fire, the glue would become too hot, and would probably be burned and spoiled.

In order to prevent the glue from becoming too hot, it is usual to put it into a pot which is formed of two iron vessels, one of which is placed within the other, with a space between. The inner vessel is smaller and not so deep as the outer one, and it is supported, when in its place, by a *flange*, as it is called, that is, by a rim which projects from the upper edge of it all around, over the upper edge of the outer vessel. The outer vessel is made with rounded sides, while the inner one has straight sides. The inner one is made, too, so much shallower than the outer one, that the bottom of it does not reach to the bottom of the outer one. Thus the inner kettle, when it is in its place, hangs within the outer one, and does not touch it either at the bottom or on the sides.

"Father," said Willie, after he had been at work some time carrying out shavings, "what is the reason that they have a double kettle to make glue in?"

"Oh, because," said his father, "they always do."

"Why couldn't we put the small kettle right on the stove, with the glue in it?" asked Willie.

"Why, it would burn," said his father, "and so be spoiled. Glue burns very easily."

* *Gelatinous*, like a jelly.

Willie borrows a kettle of his mother. It will do very well.

"And then couldn't you glue with it?" asked Willie.

"No," said his father. "They have water all round it to keep it from getting too hot."

Willie had never before understood the reason why a glue-pot was made in so complicated a manner. Now he saw the reason why the outer kettle was used; and as the whole object of the outer kettle was to have the vessel containing the glue inclosed in water on every side, so as to protect it from the too great heat of the fire, he perceived that the form of the outer kettle was of no consequence, except as a matter of convenience, and that any common kettle, whatever might be its form, would answer a temporary purpose equally well.

So he went into the house, and asked his mother to lend him a small kitchen kettle. He filled this half full of water, and then brought it out to the shop. He then took the inner part of the glue-pot, which was sound and whole, and set it in the water of the kettle which he had borrowed.

"There, father," said Willie, "will not that do—for to-day?"

Mr. Joyn was sitting at this time on a tool-chest by the side of the bench, where he had taken his seat when he first came into the shop. He was in a very forlorn and disconsolate attitude, with his elbows resting on his knees, and his face buried in his hands. He looked up when Willie brought in the new glue-pot, and his face assumed an expression of curiosity and pleasure.

"Yes, Willie," said he, "that will do very well. Why, you are a first-rate hand at a contrivance."

It was very little that Willie had done; but then it takes very

Mr. Joyn is pleased. Willie offers to turn the grindstone.

little, when it comes in the way of sympathy and aid, to revive and cheer a heart which is sinking into despondency.

It takes, moreover, but a very little thing to afford a very great gratification to the heart of a father or a mother, when it is a thing done by a child from an honest desire to help his parent out of any perplexity or trouble.

"Yes," repeated Mr. Joyn, "that will do very well. Now I can finish the table this afternoon. I wonder I did not think of that plan myself."

Mr. Joyn would have thought of some such plan himself if he had exercised any ordinary share of mental vigor. But when we are beginning to get discouraged with any thing which we have undertaken, the slightest possible obstacle seems sometimes to finish the work, and dishearten us entirely.

Mr. Joyn took the kettle from Willie's hands, and put it on the stove to heat the glue, and then went to his bench, and began to go to work in earnest, to put the parts together. Willie, in the mean time, after clearing up the floor of the shop, began to pick up the tools and put them in their places.

"Father," said he, "some of these tools ought to be ground."

"Yes," said his father; "but I had no body to turn the grindstone."

"I'll turn the grindstone," said Willie. "I can turn an hour at a time without getting tired."

"Well," said his father. "Then we'll grind them all up some day."

"We'll grind an hour every day till they are all ground," said

He repairs the broken tools. He puts the shop in order.

Willie. "Let us begin this afternoon, when you have got the table done."

"Well," said Mr. Joyn, "perhaps we will."

Willie examined all the tools as he took them up, and laid those that required grinding on the end of the bench by themselves. Some of the tools were loose in the handles.

"Father," said Willie, "may I mend these loose handles?"

"Yes," said his father. "I shall be very glad to have them mended."

So, whenever Willie found a handle loose, he would pull it off, and then dipping the shank of the tool into the glue, he would drive the handle on again.

"There!" he would then say, in a tone of satisfaction. "Now, as soon as the glue gets dry, the handles will all be tight."

In this manner Willie worked in the shop for an hour or more, and at the end of that time he had made a great change in the appearance and condition of things. His father was all the time at work upon the table. As soon as Willie had done all that he could do in the shop, he went out into the yard, and began to put things in order there. He picked up all the chips, bricks, and blocks of wood that were scattered over the ground. He hoed the weeds out of the paths, and with a hammer and nails which he got out of the shop, he nailed up the broken pickets of the fence. He observed, too, a number of other repairs which were wanted, but which required more time. These he determined to begin upon the next day. Then there were some things which he thought he should not be able to do himself, such as setting the glass which was broken out of the windows; but there were a

The table is finished. Plan for taking it home. The wheel-barrow.

great many things that he thought he could do, and he determined to work industriously upon these every day until they were done.

At length, about six o'clock, Willie went into the shop, and found that the table was finished. It was a plain wooden table, intended to be used in a kitchen, so that it did not require any painting.

"There!" said his father. "Thank my stars, that table is done."

"Now," said Willie, "I'll get the wheel-barrow, and take it home and get the money."

"No," said his father, "you can't take it that way. The wheel-barrow is broken."

"It *was* broken," said Willie, "but I've been mending it. I put it together, and then put in two screws, and it is as strong as ever."

"Is it?" rejoined Mr. Joyn. "I'm glad it's mended. But I'll take the table home myself. I must see Mr. Jarvis about it."

"Then I'll go with you," said Willie, "and wheel it along."

"No," said Mr. Joyn, "you had better go in and see your mother now a while. You may bring the wheel-barrow up to the shop door, and we'll put the table on, and then I'll take it home."

So Willie brought the wheel-barrow up to the shop door, and they put the table on, and then Mr. Joyn wheeled it away. Willie went into the house to find his mother. He felt quite pleased in seeking her, as he thought he had good news to tell her.

"Mother," said Willie, as he went in, "father has finished the table."

"Has he?" said Mrs. Joyn.

Willie observed that his mother spoke in rather a mournful

tone, as if the news did not give her quite as much pleasure as he had expected.

"Yes," said Willie; "and he has gone to take it home."

"Oh dear me!" said Mrs. Joyn. She uttered this exclamation in a very subdued tone, so much so that Willie could scarcely hear the words that she spoke, but they were accompanied with a deep and heavy sigh, which indicated very plainly that her heart was sorely troubled.

"Why, mother!" said Willie, "are you not glad that the table is done?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Joyn, doubtingly; "but I wish that you had taken it home yourself, and brought home the money."

"I would have done it," said Willie, "and I asked father to let me do it, but he said that he must go himself."

Here Mrs. Joyn drew another deep and despairing sigh.

The truth was, that she knew, from past experience, that her husband would go at once, as soon as he had got his money, to Tomms' store, and that he would probably come home that night intoxicated. She could not bear, however, to explain this to Willie, so she bore her gloomy forebodings as well as she could, herself, alone.

"I have been at work this afternoon, putting the yard in order, and mending up the fences," said Willie. "I can mend things very well. My uncle taught me."

"I am very glad," said his mother, "for our buildings are getting very much out of order. But then I don't suppose it will do us much good to repair them, for I expect we shall lose this house."

"How lose it?" exclaimed Willie, very much surprised.

Willie's mother then explained to him that the house and land, including the shop, and all the other buildings which were on it, were mortgaged to Mr. Tomms for four hundred dollars. The property was considered to be worth six hundred dollars to any one who wished for buildings of that form. If sold, however, at public sale, to the highest bidder, it was doubtful whether it would bring more than four hundred. The time for paying the mortgage was nearly expired, and the law was, in the state where Mr. Joyn lived, and at the time when the events recorded in this story occurred, that if the money due was not paid at the time, then the house must be given up to the mortgagee, to be kept by him a certain period, long enough to allow the owner of it a reasonable time to procure the money and redeem the house, and then if he failed to redeem it, it was to be sold to the highest bidder.*

"When does the time run out, mother?" asked Willie.

"In about two months," said his mother.

"And is there no other way to save the house," said Willie, "except by getting four hundred dollars?"

* In respect to the term mortgagee, I ought here to explain, that in making a mortgage there are two persons or parties concerned, who are called, respectively, the *mortgager* and the *mortgagee.*

The *mortgager* is the one who originally owns the property, and who gets in debt and mortgages his property for the payment of it.

Thus, in this case, Mr. Joyn was the mortgager.

In the case of Willie and the cow, if Willie had acceded to the tavern-keeper's proposal, and mortgaged the cow to him, Willie would have been the mortgager.

The *mortgagee*, on the other hand, is the one who lends the money, and who takes a pledge of the property to secure the payment. In the case of Mr. Joyn's house, Mr. Tomms was the mortgagee. In the case of the cow, the tavern-keeper would have been the mortgagee.

Willie and his mother make various calculations.

"No," said his mother, "I suppose there is not."

"And suppose, when it is sold," said Willie, "that somebody should pay more than four hundred dollars for it?"

"In that case," said his mother, "we should get something for ourselves. The four hundred dollars would go to Mr. Tomms, and all that was over would come to us."

"Then," said Willie, "I mean to mend up every thing about the place all I can, and so make it sell for as much as possible."

"Yes," said his mother, "I see that would be best. I did not think of that. I thought we should probably lose the house, and so I did not care much how fast it went to ruin."

Willie then asked what his father had done with the money which he had borrowed of Mr. Tomms; but his mother did not give him a very definite answer. In fact, she could not bear to tell her boy that his father had wasted his property in drinking, and in the foolish bargains which he had made while half intoxicated. She, however, explained to Willie, in a very reserved and cautious manner, that his father had got into the habit of drinking too much, and that his affairs were getting into a very bad state on this account, and that she did not know what would become of them.

Willie felt his heart sink within him at this mournful intelligence. He sat for some time in silence, and then, when the time came for his mother to begin to get supper, he went up stairs to his room.

He took his seat in a chair by the window, and, resting his head on his arm, he remained there a long time, lost in thought.

At last he rose and said,

Willie puts his playthings away. His father is out.

"I believe I will put my playthings away. I don't like to see them."

So he proceeded to take down his playthings from the nails and shelves where he had just put them up, and packed them all into the bottom of his chest again, where they had been when they came.

"There!" said he, as he shut down the lid of the chest upon them.

"There! From this time my father's and mother's work is to be my play, till we get out of this trouble."

He made this exclamation in a tone of satisfaction, as if he had been relieving his mind of a burden.

CHAPTER VIII.

MISERY.

Willie had scarcely finished packing away his playthings before he heard his mother at the foot of the stairs calling him to come down to supper. So he went down.

"Are you not going to wait till father comes home?" he asked.

"He will not come home till very late, I'm afraid," said Mrs. Joyn, "so we had better eat our supper."

"Why, where will he go?" asked Willie.

"I don't know—exactly—where he will go," replied Mrs. Joyn, "but he will stay somewhere, out in the village, till nine o'clock, I suppose. You will have to go to bed before he comes."

It was somewhat questionable whether or not Mrs. Joyn could

Mrs. Joyn is not willing that he should sit up till his father comes home.

say, with strict truth, that she did not know exactly where her husband had gone; for, although it was possible that he might, for that evening, go to some other place, still she knew very well that his almost invariable practice, when he got any money, was to go to Tomms' store, and spend the evening in drinking there with others like himself, and then come home late at night in a dreadful condition.

She knew very well that Willie must, sooner or later, know all this, but she could not bear to tell him of it herself. She was very unwilling, too, that either he or Alphonso, who was Willie's little brother, should be sitting up that evening when their father came home. Accordingly, she put Alphonso into his bed very early, and then, as the evening advanced, she began to say to Willie that he must be very tired, and that he had better go to bed too.

She often went to the window also, to look out. Willie observed that at such times she had an expression of anxiety and distress upon her countenance, which seemed to him very mysterious and strange.

"Come, Willie," said she, when it was about half past eight o'clock, "it is time for you to go to bed."

"Ah, mother," said Willie, "I am not at all sleepy. Let me set up till father comes home."

"Oh no," rejoined his mother. "He may not come home till very late. You had better go to bed. Besides, you will wish to get up early to-morrow morning."

Willie, induced by these persuasions, finally consented to go to bed. So he took up his candle, and, after indulging himself in

many lingerings and delays, and saying a great many last things, he bade his mother good-night, and began to go up stairs. His mother stood at the foot of the stairs, watching him as he went up.

When Willie had got about half way up the stairs, he thought he heard a noise outside the door, as of a gate shutting, and a person coming up the steps.

"What's that, mother?" said Willie.

"I don't know," said his mother; "make haste and run along."

"It is father coming," said Willie, "I verily believe."

"Never mind," said his mother; "make haste and go to bed; you can see him in the morning."

Just at this instant a heavy sound was heard on the outside of the door, accompanied by a fumbling at the latch. A moment afterward, and the door came rudely open, and Willie's father staggered in.

Mrs. Joyn went back hastily into her room.

"Ah, Willie," said Mr. Joyn, "is that you? Put your candle on the stairs, and come down and see me. You're a brave fellow —you're a regular brick. This is no time to go to bed. We won't go home till morning. Put your candle down, and come here. Topsy turvy—head over heels—I'm not drunk. Right side up, with care—that's my maxim."

Mr. Joyn said all this with a thick and broken utterance, leaning against the banister of the stair all the time, and swaying his body to and fro as if he could scarcely stand. Willie was very much terrified at seeing his father in this condition. He remained motionless—transfixed, as it were, with surprise and fear. His father, after ceasing to speak, eyed him for a moment, and then

soon the expression of his face seemed to change, and he began to look angry.

"Come down, I say!" he exclaimed, in a voice of thunder.

Willie was now overwhelmed with terror, but he did not dare to disobey this stern command; so he put his candle down upon the stairs, and descended toward his father.

As Willie came down, his father's face changed again, and assumed its former good-natured expression.

"Well, my boy," said he, "come with me; I've got good news for you. I've settled all about this mortgage. *Now* this house is mine. I'm going to enlarge the shop, and build another story on the house. You shall have the very best room in it, and live like a prince."

So saying, Mr. Joyn took Willie by the arm, and, staggering as he went, led him into the room. He grasped Willie's arm so tight, in doing this, as to frighten him very much, and to give him considerable pain.

When he had got half way across the room, he seemed to change his mind again, and, letting go his grasp of Willie, he threw himself into a large chair, sinking down in it, and shutting his eyes as if he was going to sleep. Willie, as soon as he found himself released, went toward his mother. She was standing by the window, apparently looking out, but really brooding in consternation and despair over her dreadful sorrows.

Willie went to her, and clung to her side, but without speaking.

Pretty soon Mr. Joyn opened his eyes, and glared fiercely at Willie and his mother.

Mrs. Joyn sends Willie to bed. He is almost overwhelmed with despair.

"Well, Sall," said he, "and what do you see that looks so charming out of the window?"

Mrs. Joyn's name was Sarah. Her husband called her by that name when he felt kindly toward her, but whenever he felt out of humor with her he called her Sall. Hearing this name was a signal, therefore, to Willie's mother that her husband was going into one of his paroxysms of drunken anger.

So she took William, in a hurried manner, by the arm, and led him out of the room. She conducted him to the foot of the stairs, and said,

"There, Willie, you must go up stairs to bed as quick as you possibly can. Cover your head all up with the bed-clothes, and go to sleep."

Willie went up stairs until he came to the place where he had left his candlestick, and taking it up, he continued to ascend. Presently he began to hear the sound of an angry voice in the room below, and then a heavy tread, and a sort of crash, followed by a suppressed scream of pain and terror, which he knew was uttered by his mother. At hearing these awful indications, Willie's heart almost ceased to beat. His strength failed him, and he sank down upon the stairs, moaning out in a tone of despair, "God help me! I am fatherless—what *shall* I do?"

Not long afterward he recovered strength enough to rise and go up stairs to his chamber. He undressed himself as quick as he could, got into bed, and covered his head with the bed-clothes. From time to time he would peep out a moment, hoping to find that all was still in the room below. Instead of this, however, he would hear angry tones of voice, or a heavy tread, or a concus-

sion, as of somebody staggering against the furniture. On catching the first indications of these sounds, Willie would cover up his head again as quick as possible, and stop his ears. At intervals he wept and sobbed bitterly.

At last he fell asleep.

CHAPTER IX.

PENITENCE.

When Willie awoke, he saw by the sun that was shining in at the windows that it was morning. As soon as he recovered his thoughts, the recollections of the preceding evening came over his mind, and filled him with terror and awe.

He raised his head and listened. The house was still. He thought, however, that he could hear the footsteps of his mother in the room below, walking about as if getting breakfast as usual. So he rose and went down stairs.

His mother, he found, was, as he had supposed, engaged in getting breakfast. She looked very sorrowful and sad. Alphonso was playing horses, at the side of the room, with two chairs for a team, and with a long piece of twine for reins. Mrs. Joyn smiled upon Willie as he came in, but the smile was a faint one, and it disappeared very suddenly.

Willie wished to ask where his father was, but he did not quite like to do it. So he went to play with Alphonso and his imaginary team of horses.

In a short time breakfast was ready, and Mrs. Joyn set three

chairs around the table. One of these chairs was a high one for Alphonso.

"Is not father coming out to breakfast?" said Willie, timidly.

"No," replied his mother, "he is asleep."

"When will he get up?" asked Willie.

"I don't know exactly," replied his mother, "but I suppose in about two hours. I think he is not very well this morning."

After breakfast, Willie went out and resumed his work in the yard. He employed Alphonso to help him. He contrived ingeniously to make the work serve the purpose of play for Alphonso. He pretended that he was a master, and that Alphonso was his man, and that he was clearing up his farm. So he would order Alphonso about in a very authoritative and dictatorial tone, which, being all in play, amused Alphonso very much. He would also talk with him all the time in a very entertaining manner about his farm, and tell long stories of imaginary horses and oxen which he had in his pastures, and talk of his plan about selling his crops. All this amused Alphonso very much, and made the work answer to him all the purpose of play.

I recommend to the boys and girls among the readers of this book, who may have younger brothers or sisters sometimes committed to their superintendence and charge, in doing any work which their parents may require to have done, to manage a little, occasionally, in this way. It is true that it is only ingenious boys and girls that can do this successfully, but those who have a pretty good share of ingenuity will succeed very well with a proper effort, and, by acting on this plan, they will sometimes acquire a great influence and ascendency over the minds of the younger children,

Willie goes to make a visit to his father in bed.

which will very materially increase their power of doing them good.

About half past ten, Willie and Alphonso came into the house. Willie found his mother just coming out of the bed-room.

"Willie," said she, "your father is awake, and he wishes to see you."

Willie hesitated, and looked afraid.

"You need not be afraid," said she. "You can go right in and see him. He will treat you kindly."

Encouraged by this assurance, Willie went in.

He was much shocked at the spectacle which met his view on going into the bed-room. His father was tossing restlessly on his bed. His hair was disheveled, his face was haggard. He glanced his eyes a moment at Willie as he came in, and then turning his head away, he covered up his face with the bed-clothes and groaned aloud.

Willie's fears were changed into pity when he saw that his father was suffering. He came up to the bedside, and said, with a timid and gentle voice,

"Do you feel sick, father?"

On hearing these words, spoken as they were so kindly and tenderly, Mr. Joyn groaned out in bitterness,

"Oh, my God! what *shall* I do!"

The human heart, in its deepest passions and emotions, is often swayed this way and that by little things. It was certainly a very little thing that Mr. Joyn should have expressed his distress and despair by the same exclamation—What *shall* I do? which Willie himself had uttered on the preceding evening when going up

stairs. But Willie, when he heard these words, was reminded of the extreme distress and heart-sinking which he had felt when he spoke them, and this established a sort of sympathy between him and his father. So he gently drew the bed-clothes away from his father's face, and began to smooth his hair down from his forehead with his little hand.

"Willie," said Mr. Joyn, "what a monster of a father I am, for such a kind-hearted little son!"

"Oh, father," said Willie, "you must not talk so."

Here Mr. Joyn turned away from Willie, and buried his head in the bed-clothes; and for some minutes his whole frame shook with the violence of his emotions.

"Father!" said Willie, speaking in a kind and affectionate tone.

Mr. Joyn did not answer.

"Father!" repeated Willie, gently attempting, at the same time, to withdraw the bed-clothes from his father's face.

Soothed by his little son's kind voice, Mr. Joyn gradually became calm again.

Willie remained with his father for about half an hour, and had a long talk with him. Mr. Joyn said that they should all do very well if he could only resist the temptation to drink. He had resolved to give it up, he said, over and over again, but he found it utterly impossible to keep his resolution. In fact, the human soul, when it is once in the power of such temptations as those which had beset Mr. Joyn, is borne down by the current wherever it chances to carry him. The unhappy victim seems to have scarcely any power to resist. He floats on the stream of life, not like the proud steamer, which has a force within itself to go up, or

The raft borne on by the current. Mr. Joyn's feeble resolutions.

down, or across the current, as it pleases, but rather like a raft, which is almost wholly at the mercy of the current, all the reso-

lution and energy which he can command serving only, like the oar of the raftsman, to retard or change the motion a little, but not at all to control it. He is borne helplessly onward, no matter what rocks, or shoals, or cataracts, or yawning gulfs of destruction may be in the way.

Such had been Mr. Joyn's experience. He had been borne along helplessly by the force of temptation, without having, apparently, any power to resist. Sometimes he had kept his resolution for several days; but then, when he was going by old Tomms' store, an idea would come into his head of the glistening stream of rum or gin flowing out into the glass, and would set him almost crazy. He would summon all his resolution, and endeavor to force himself by, but he would find his desire to drink rapidly increase, while his strength to resist was so rapidly failing; and the end

would be, that he would go into the store. He would enter with the resolution to take only one small glass, and then to go immediately away. Old Tomms would receive him with great cordiality, and urge him to sit down; and after he had drank one glass —the glass which he had himself ordered and was to pay for—old Tomms would invite him to take another as a treat. After he had drank these two glasses, the poor victim would have lost all self-control, and would give himself up without any further resistance. At nine or ten o'clock he would go home to his wife almost entirely bereft of his reason.

Mr. Joyn seemed to feel now, however, a new and stronger determination to reform than he had ever felt before. He was charmed with Willie's gentleness and kindness, and he felt a strong emotion of gratitude to him for the readiness with which he had begun to help his father the afternoon before, and for the ingenuity and perseverance which he had displayed in putting the shop and yard in order, and in the little repairs which he had undertaken in the fences and gates. His heart was also deeply touched with the sympathy and kindness which Willie had manifested that morning, and for his evident readiness to forgive the cruel wrong which had been done to his mother and himself. In a word, Mr. Joyn made a most solemn resolution that he would never enter Old Tomms' store again, or touch a drop of ardent spirit of any kind. In this state of mind, he rose from his bed about twelve o'clock.

The first thing he did was to kneel down by the bedside, and pray most earnestly to God to help him keep his resolution. In this prayer he cast himself on God, as a wretched and helpless sinner, who had no strength of his own to break away from the

snares in which he had become entangled. He prayed most fervently that God would pardon his past sins for Christ's sake, and deliver and save him in time to come.

This prayer relieved his mind very much. It always relieves our pain very much, when we are enduring the stings of conscience, to cast ourselves on God, and pray to be forgiven for Jesus' sake.

This prayer was the means not only of relieving the penitent sinner's mind, but also of strengthening his resolution. In fact, if it had not been for the strength that he derived from the prayer, I do not think that he would have kept his resolution half as long as he did.

CHAPTER X.

THE RIGHT OF REDEMPTION.

I BELIEVE I have already explained that in the state where Willie lived, and at the time when the events which are related in this story occurred, the law in respect to mortgaged houses and lands was this, namely, that if the money borrowed on the mortgage was not paid at the stipulated time, the property must be delivered up to the mortgagee, for him to use and occupy, or let to others, just as he should choose. It did not become absolutely his, however, for three years. During that time the mortgager had the right to redeem it, by paying the debt, and a certain sum in addition, to cover the expense and trouble which he had occasioned the mortgagee by failing to fulfill his agreement.

This being the law, the situation of the case in respect to Mr.

Mr. Joyn thinks he shall lose his house entirely.

Joyn's house and ground under it, at the time of which I am speaking, was this. The property had been mortgaged for four hundred dollars, that being the amount of the debt which Mr. Joyn had gradually incurred with Tomms, partly for the drink which he had consumed, and partly through the means of the bad bargains which he had made. The time for the payment of that debt was now nearly expired. Only one or two months remained. When this interval should have elapsed, the property must be delivered up to Mr. Tomms, who could turn Mr. Joyn out of the house and move into it himself, or let it to any other person, whichever he might think best to do. It is true, he might let it to Mr. Joyn himself, if he were disposed to do so; but both Mr. and Mrs. Joyn knew him too well to hope for any such thing.

It is also true that the right of redemption remained. But then, if Mr. Joyn had not got and could not get the money to pay the mortgage at that time, how was he to expect to get it at any future time? If he could have any reasonable hope of being able to obtain the money before the three years should expire, the right of redemption would be quite valuable, for it would be a right to get back a house and land worth six hundred dollars by the payment of four hundred. But, as it was, there seemed no hope of any other termination to the affair but that Mr. Joyn and his family should be turned out of the house in about two months, and then, at the end of three years more, lose it altogether.

Many boys and girls who read this story may perhaps imagine that, though it may be legally right for a mortgagee to take possession of the property mortgaged to him in such a case, it is *morally* wrong to do so; and that if the mortgager can not pay his

debt, the mortgagee ought not to take his house, but should let him keep it until he can pay. This, however, is not a correct view of the subject; for if it was once generally understood that, in case the man could not pay his debt, it would be wrong for the mortgagee to take the property, then the mortgage of it would be a mere empty and useless form. Now the custom of mortgaging is an extremely convenient and useful one. It is, in fact, one of the most convenient and useful customs of society. By means of it, a man who has a house and land can almost always obtain any sum of money which he may require for a temporary purpose, to the amount of at least half the value of his estate, without selling it. And there are innumerable cases where this is of very great advantage to the mortgager. Now if it were understood that it would be wrong for the man who lends the money to take the house in payment of his debt in default of other payment, then nobody would lend money in this way.

In fact, where a lady owns a house, it is sometimes very difficult for her to borrow money on a mortgage of it, on this very account, though she herself, not taking this view of the case, wonders what the reason is why she can not borrow money on a mortgage as well as other people. The truth is, the people who have money to lend think that, if they were to take her mortgage, and if she was unable to pay the money when it was due, she would be unwilling to give up the house, and would complain of its being taken away from her as a great hardship, and talk about it all over the village, so as to make the affair very unpleasant to the man who had lent her the money. A woman is much more likely to act in this manner than a man, because she is less ac-

customed to the stern and rigid necessities of business, and less ready, accordingly, to submit to them. And, besides, it is much more disagreeable to take the property of a woman away from her without her consent, than to take that of a man. Thus women debar themselves, in a great measure, of the advantages and convenience of being able to borrow money on mortgages, from being unwilling to abide, good-humoredly and in good faith, by the penalty which they had agreed to submit to in case they should fail to pay.

I give all the readers of this book, therefore, whether boys or girls, this advice. When you grow up to be men and women, if you borrow money on a mortgage of your property—which you may, in many cases, very wisely and properly do—and then are unable to pay the money when the time for payment comes, give up the property that you had pledged in the most ready and good-natured manner.

But to return to Willie.

Mr. Joyn, after having formed the resolution described in the last chapter, seemed to feel new energy. He went to work industriously in his shop. Willie kept every thing in such good order, and assisted his father so much in going of errands for him, and in doing such work as his father was unable to do—as, for example, helping to grind and sharpen the tools, sawing off boards after his father had marked them out, giving them the first planing with the jack-plane, and performing other simple operations of that kind, as not only to facilitate and forward the work very much, but to encourage and strengthen his father exceedingly in his determination to reform.

Willie holds a conversation with his father in the shop.

One day Willie climbed up by a short ladder to a high shelf where there were a number of things which he thought ought to be put in order. He had been at work there for some time, when observing, at length, that his father was very still, he looked down from his ladder to see what the matter was.

His father was sitting on the tool-chest, with his eyes cast down, and his countenance fixed, as if in a revery.

"Father," said Willie, speaking very kindly and gently, "is any thing the matter ?"

"No," said his father, "nothing new."

"Then what makes you look so sober ?" said Willie.

"Why, I was thinking," replied his father, "what a pity it is that I have lost this house."

"Have you lost it entirely ?" asked Willie.

"There is nothing left of it for me but the right of redemption," said Mr. Joyn.

"And if you can't get any money to pay old Tomms his debt," said Willie, "then the right of redemption won't do you any good."

"Why, I might sell it, I suppose," replied his father, "to somebody who has got the money, if I could only find somebody to buy it."

"Then it will do some good for me to make the fences and the yards look as well as I can," rejoined Willie.

"Oh yes," said his father.

"Because, if the place looks nice," continued Willie, "somebody will be more likely to buy the right of redemption."

"Yes," said Mr. Joyn.

"Then," said Willie, "I'll make it look as nice as I can. I've

found some paint up here on this shelf, and, if you are willing, I'll paint the gates with it when I get them all mended."

"Well," said his father, "I should like that very much."

This plan of Willie's, to use the paint which he had found in painting the *gates*, instead of beginning at the corner of the yard, and painting the fence itself as far as the paint would last, evinced a great deal of consideration on his part. By painting the gates, he made finished work as far as he went; and then, besides, gates being more costly than an equal length of fence, it is much more important that they should be protected from the weather. Many boys would not have thought of these things, but would have begun to paint, without any plan, at the first place they came to.

While Willie was just finishing his last gate, a gentleman walking by stopped to see what he was doing. The gentleman's name was Banks. He was a rich man, but he was also a benevolent man. He did a great deal of good with his money—not, indeed, so much by giving it away, as by employing it in a manner to be useful to other people, and, at the same time, to bring in some returns to himself. He built a great many pretty houses, and he bought old ones, and repaired them, and put them in order, so as to make pleasant homes of them for families, such as is represented in this engraving. These houses he

would let to such persons as wished to hire them, and then, with the rents which they paid for them, he would build, or buy and repair, more houses. Thus he contributed a great deal to the growth and prosperity of the village, and to the comfort and happiness of the people.

"Well, my boy," said Mr. Banks, "you are a great painter for a boy of your inches. Where did you learn to paint so well?"

"At my uncle's," said Willie—"back in the country."

"Are you going to paint the whole fence?" asked Mr. Banks.

"No, sir," said Willie; "I have not got paint enough for any thing more than the gates."

"Can't you get some money to buy more paint?" said Mr. Banks. "The whole house needs painting, and it will not cost you much if you do the work yourself."

"I don't see any way to get any more money," said Willie, "unless I mortgage my cow. I don't wish to *sell* her."

The fact of such a boy talking with so much simplicity, of having a cow of his own, and of mortgaging her to procure money to paint his father's house, arrested Mr. Banks' attention, and he made further inquiries. Presently he went into the shop to see Mr. Joyn, and stayed there talking with him more than an hour. Then he came out and went all over the house, and examined it fully in every part.

At last, just before he went away, as he walked down with Mr. Joyn toward the gate, he said,

"Well, Mr. Joyn, I think this house is well worth four hundred dollars, and I am willing to take a mortgage on it for that amount. I will pay the money to Mr. Tomms to-morrow, and cancel his

mortgage, and then you shall make a new one to me. I will give you four years to pay it—that will be a hundred dollars a year, and the interest. If you are industrious and steady, you can lay up at least that amount. At any rate, at the end of four years you will have paid certainly half of it, and perhaps the whole. But all depends upon your being industrious and steady. Your boy here will help you about it a great deal. In fact, he will be your main stay. If it were not for what I have seen of him and his management, I should not have thought it prudent to have any thing to do with the case. But a boy of his years, and of his capacity, whose mind is really set on business instead of play, can accomplish a great deal. In a few days I shall send him a supply of paint and a ladder, and he shall paint the house and all the buildings thoroughly."

These plans were, accordingly, all carried into effect. Old Tomms' mortgage was paid off, much to his disappointment and chagrin. A new mortgage was executed to Mr. Banks, having four years to run. Mr. Joyn took hold of his work with new hope, and consequently with new energy. An ample supply of paint came—white for the house and fences, and yellow for the sheds, the shop, and the barn—and Willie proceeded to put it on. In about ten days, the appearance of the premises, and the whole aspect, in fact, of Mr. Joyn's affairs, was entirely changed.

CHAPTER XI.

MAKING AN HONEST LIVING.

THERE were several other persons and families in the town where Mr. Joyn lived whose prospects of happiness were marred and blighted, and, in some cases, entirely destroyed, through the influence of Mr. Tomms' store.

First, there was William Wilton. He had been a very industrious and promising young man, and he was engaged to be married to a blooming and beautiful girl of the village, named Lucia. Lucia was an orphan, and she had no settled home. She earned her living in various ways, and, though she was of a very contented and happy disposition, she longed for the time to come when she should be married to William, and have a home of her own. When she was first engaged to Mr. Wilton, he was an industrious and prudent young man, and his prospects in life were very fair. He was, however, of a generous and happy temperament, and, as is often the case with such young men, he was easily led away into temptation. He began gradually to go into Tomms' store—at first only to sit there a little while, to listen to the conversation of the company, and hear the stories they were telling, which were often very amusing. The men who were there would then sometimes ask him to drink with them, and these invitations he would accept, in order not to be singular. Then he began to think that he ought sometimes to ask them to drink in return, and so he gradually became intimate with them, and learn-

The engagement is broken off. Lucia's grief and despondency.

ed to love their company. Thus both his time and money were wasted. He gradually lost his interest in his work, and, besides, after he had spent an evening to a late hour in Tomms' store, in drinking and carousing, he usually had a headache, and felt very low-spirited the next day, and was scarcely able to work.

He soon began gradually to neglect Lucia, and his love for her was evidently declining. This was owing, at first, to his feeling guilty and self-condemned when he saw her. Her look, sad and sorrowful, but full, still, of tenderness and love, seemed to reproach him, and to sharpen the stings of conscience anew. Lucia herself never reproached him, but she once or twice attempted gently to reason with him, and to win him back to his duty. These persuasions had a great influence over him for a time, and he would form very resolute determinations to amend his ways; but when, the next day, in passing by old Tomms' store, he saw his drinking companions standing by the door of it, and they invited him in, he could not withstand the temptation, and all resolutions would melt away.

At last he neglected Lucia almost entirely, and then Lucia, nearly broken-hearted, wrote to him a note, saying that perhaps he wished to give up his engagement with her, and that if he did, she was willing to release him. He replied to this, very cruelly, that it was no plan of his to give up the engagement, but that, since she proposed it, he thought it was best that it should be given up, and that she was at liberty, thenceforth, to marry any body she pleased. Lucia's heart was overwhelmed with bitter grief at this unjust and cruel reply, and she mourned her unhappy lot in secret, with many tears. Old Tomms rejoiced, however, for

William Wilton.	Haragan.	He becomes one of Tomms' customers.

now he had William Wilton in his store every evening, and all the money which he earned—which, however, was not a great deal—was spent in drink.

There was another case in the village worse even than this. It was the case of a laboring man named Haragan. He was commonly called Patrick, however, that being his Christian name. His business was to saw wood. He had a wife and six or seven young children, and it was rather hard for him to procure food and clothing for them all, especially in the winter, for then there was not only more clothing required than in summer, but there was also the additional expense of wood for the fire.

Still, when Patrick first came into the town, he got along very well. He was industrious and economical, and his wife, too, was a very prudent woman and a wise manager. She earned a good deal herself by going out to work, and sometimes by taking in sewing. Thus things went on quite well for a year, and Patrick seemed to be becoming one of the most thrifty laboring men in town. He made his house look very neat and tidy on the outside, and he bought new furniture, from time to time, for his rooms, so as gradually to improve it very greatly in respect to comfort and convenience within. In fact, Patrick was fast becoming quite a respectable citizen—so much so, that a great many of the people of the village began to call him Mr. Haragan instead of Patrick, which pleased him very much, as it seemed to denote that he was rising to a respectable position in the estimation of his fellow-men.

Things went on in this way very well until Patrick began to get into the habit of going to old Tomms' store. This was a little

more than a year after he came to live in the town. For a time after he first came, he never would go into the store at all. His wife asked him to promise her that he would not, and he did promise her. He kept his promise, too, for a long time very faithfully.

Old Tomms, however, had, in the mean time, set his eye upon him, and was determined to have him for one of his customers; and several times he asked him to come in and take a drink. He also got other persons to ask him. But Patrick would not come.

At last old Tomms said,

"He thinks he is going to give me the slip; but *I'll* find a way to cook him."

Accordingly, a few days afterward, old Tomms sent for Mr. Haragan to come and saw some wood for him. When Mr. Haragan came, Tomms showed him the wood in a little back yard behind the house.

"When you get through," said he, "come in and I'll pay you."

So, when Mr. Haragan finished his work, he went into the store for his pay. Mr. Tomms received him in a very cordial manner paid him the money that was due to him, and, at the same time, offered him a glass of rum. Mr. Haragan, thus tempted, drank the rum, though not without considerable hesitation and delay. About a month afterward, old Tomms repeated the experiment with the same success; and by these, and similar stratagems and contrivances, he gradually got Mr. Haragan into the habit of frequenting his store, and the poor man soon fell into all the other idle and dissolute habits to which the practice of frequenting such a place would naturally lead. His affairs began very speedily to go to

The Horrors. Some account of the disease. Terror and misery of the sufferers.

ruin. His house was neglected, and soon evinced the marks of dilapidation and decay. His children grew ragged, and the countenance of his wife, losing all its animation and freshness, became wan and haggard from the influence of continual anxiety and terror.

The effects of the habit of drinking spirituous liquors are very different on persons of different constitutional temperaments. The effects are evil upon all, but there are many different kinds of evil which result from the practice in different cases. In some persons there is a certain dreadful species of madness or insanity produced, which is called *Delirium Tremens*, or The Horrors.

This name, Delirium Tremens, is a Latin name. The words mean the *Trembling Madness*. The disease is so called because the men who are affected by it are always overwhelmed with terror and fright. They think they see demons in the air coming to tear them to pieces, and serpents, dragons, and other frightful things hovering over them, and clutching at them as if eager to seize and devour them. These imaginings throw the wretched sufferers into a state of the most awful terror. They cry out for help, and run this way and that in an agony of fright, trying to escape from their imaginary foes. If you attempt to calm and soothe them by begging them not to be afraid, and assuring them that there is nothing coming to hurt them, but that it is only their sickness which makes them think so, they will not believe what you say. They stare you wildly in the face while you are speaking, and look about, this way and that, as if dreadfully terrified, and then scream out again, saying, "Oh yes, there they are! yes, there they are! See them there! They are coming! Oh save

Mrs. Haragan and Mr. Banks expostulate with Mr. Tomms.

me! save me!" and then they break away from you if they can, and rush off wherever they can go, as if they really saw the forms of the most awful monsters coming to tear them to pieces.

Besides the name Delirium Tremens, this disease is often called the Horrors, as has already been intimated.

Mr. Haragan had several awful fits of this madness, during which his terror was so uncontrollable, and the excitement of his mind and his violence were so great, that his wife and children went almost crazy themselves with fright. At length Mrs. Haragan went to Mr. Tomms' store, and told the old man, with many sobs and tears, what a dreadful effect the rum produced upon her husband, and begged him not to sell him any more. Old Tomms paid very little attention to what she said; and after she had been entreating him for some time, he told her that she had said enough, and had better go home. Finally she went away; but instead of going home, she went to find Mr. Banks, to beg him to go and ask Mr. Tomms not to sell her husband any more rum. Mr. Banks said he would go, and he went accordingly; but Mr. Tomms, after hearing what Mr. Banks had to say, replied that he had as good a right to make an honest living by his business as other people had by theirs, and that he should sell rum to any of his customers whenever they wanted it. They themselves, he said, were the proper persons to judge when it would do them good, and not meddlesome neighbors.

The next time that Mr. Haragan had a fit of Delirium Tremens, he leaped out of his bed, where his wife was watching over him, and endeavoring to quiet and calm his excited mind, and, breaking away from her, rushed, half naked, out of the house,

Mr. Haragan is drowned. Distressing scene. Mrs. Maggs.

screaming in an agony of terror. He ran down to a mill-stream which flowed behind his house, and leaped into the flume. The alarm was immediately given, and a great many people came and attempted to save him. It was after dark, however, when the event occurred, and they could not see, at first, where he was; and so, before they could get him out, he was drowned.

It was a melancholy sight that night to see the dead body of poor Patrick lying on the floor of the house, where they put it down on bringing it in, with his wife and children weeping and sobbing around it as if their hearts would break, while the neighbors who had come in looked on in consternation.

Mrs. Haragan's nervous system suffered such a shock from the terror which her husband's fits of delirium awakened in her, and by his dreadful death, that she almost wholly lost her reason. She was afterward entirely unable to do any thing to support her family, and so the people of the town were obliged to raise money by a tax to maintain her and all her children. The money which her husband had earned, and which had been intended for their support, had all gone into old Tomms' till.

One of the most melancholy of the cases, however, of mischief produced by old Tomms' way of making an honest living, as he called it, was that of a poor crazy woman, whose real name was Mrs. Maggs, but who was generally known by the designation of old Polly. The first time that Willie saw Polly he was very much shocked by her appearance. She was sitting on the ground in an old hovel, chained to one of the beams of the frame. There was a sort of shackle, or ring, formed of iron, which was passed around her ankle, and locked there. A chain was attached to this

shackle, and the other end of the chain was fastened into a staple in the beam. Polly was sometimes quite violent in her insanity, and when the violent fit was upon her, the people of the town were accustomed to chain her in this hovel, as there was no poor-house, or other suitable place, to keep her in. They used to carry food to her, at this place, twice, and sometimes three times a day.

Willie saw this poor woman for the first time about a fortnight after he came home to his father's. He was walking along the road near the place where the hovel was situated, when he heard a woman's voice, in loud tones, proceeding from the building, and he went up to it to see who was there. The door of the hovel was shut, but there was a window, or, rather, a place for a window, by the side of the door, and Willie could look in there, and see what there was inside.

When Willie looked in, poor Polly, as I have already said, was seated on the ground, with an iron shackle or fetter about her ankle, and a chain passing from the shackle to a staple in a beam. As soon as she observed that the window was darkened, as by some one coming to it, she looked up, and, seeing Willie there, she gazed at him for a moment very earnestly, and then said, speaking, however, much to Willie's surprise, in a very cheerful and good-natured tone,

"I thought it was my boy—my Johnny. I thought he was coming to let me out of this cage. But he can't come—he is dead. Old Tomms killed him. But I don't care. I am going to kill old Tomms just as soon as Johnny lets me out of this cage. He is coming some day to let me out. As soon as I get out, I am going

to kill old Tomms. I am going to pour all his rum into his mouth, and then set it on fire. You'll help me, won't you?"

Willie pitied the poor woman very much indeed.

"Yes," said he, "I should like to help you in any way. I should be glad to do any thing in the world for you that I possibly could."

"Then open the door, and let me out of this cage," said Polly; "or else go and call my Johnny, and he will come and let me out."

"I can't get the door open," said Willie; "it is fastened. And I don't know where your Johnny is."

"Don't you *want* to let me out?" said Polly, looking up at Willie with an imploring countenance.

"Yes," said Willie; "and I certainly would, if I could."

Polly, hearing this, looked up long and earnestly at Willie. She then suddenly put her hands up to her face, and burst into the most piteous wailing, crying out,

"Oh, my poor Johnny! my poor Johnny! what *shall* I do?"

Willie was so pained at her distress that he could not bear to stay and witness it, and so he went away.

Polly was very often in the habit, when the violent paroxysms of her insanity came on, of threatening to kill Mr. Tomms, in retribution for his wickedness for having killed her boy; for she always insisted that it was he who had killed him. The truth was, that his father had killed him in a fit of drunken madness, produced by the rum which Tomms had sold to him one stormy winter night. He attempted first to kill his wife, but she escaped from him and fled into the street. When he found that he could

Mr. Maggs in prison. His despair. His wife loses her reason.

not overtake her, he came back and killed the infant child that was sleeping in the cradle. The next morning, when he recovered his senses, he was overwhelmed with remorse and horror for what he had done. He was, of course, arrested by the officers of justice and put in prison, and in due time he was tried for his crime. The only possible excuse that he could have for committing it was, that he was intoxicated at the time; but this, by law, is never allowed to be any excuse at all. So he was found guilty, and condemned to a long confinement in the State Prison. Thus the unhappy wife found herself, in a single night, bereaved both of her husband and child. She was so overwhelmed with grief and despair at this double affliction, that she lost her reason, and she had been deranged ever since.

She would, however, never allow or believe that her husband had killed her little Johnny, but always insisted—especially when the violent paroxysms of insanity were upon her—that it was old Tomms that had killed him; and she often, at such times, threatened vengeance against old Tomms, in such a manner as to alarm him not a little. In fact, it was chiefly at his instigation that poor Polly was chained when her violent fit came on, and was shut up in the hovel where Willie had seen her.

There were a great many other cases of dreadful misery and destruction in the town produced by old Tomms' store, but those which have been described in this chapter will be sufficient to serve as specimens.

CHAPTER XII.

THE RELAPSE.

For about a fortnight after Mr. Banks had caused the mortgage to be transferred from Mr. Tomms to him, and Mr. Joyn had commenced the work of reform, every thing went on extremely well. Mr. Joyn kept away from old Tomms' store entirely. He would not even go near it when he went down the street, lest he should be overcome by the temptation to go in. The people of the town, observing that he was growing industrious and steady again, began to bring him in plenty of work to do, and he found, on making a calculation, that he was earning enough, more than his expenses every day, to pay off his mortgage much sooner than he at first supposed would be possible. Willie helped his father a great deal at his work, besides entertaining him by his company and conversation. In fact, Willie felt very happy and light-hearted, and the tones of his voice were so joyous and glad that it was a pleasure to hear them.

One day, about a fortnight after the mortgage was changed, Willie was at work at the front of the house at his painting, when he heard somebody coming along the road, and, looking down from his ladder, he saw, to his utter consternation, that it was old

Willie tries to bolt old Tomms out of the yard.

Tomms. Willie was afraid that Tomms was coming to see his father, so he climbed down immediately from his ladder, and ran to the gate and shut it. There was a bolt on the inside of the gate, and Willie slipped the bolt along into its place, so as to prevent the gate from being opened.

Old Tomms, when he came to the gate, stopped, and, putting his hand upon the latch, he attempted to open it, saying, at the same time,

"Is your father in the shop, my boy?"

"Yes," said Willie, "but you must not come in."

"Must not come in!" repeated old Tomms, in a tone of surprise; "and why not?"

So saying, he put his hand over to the inside of the gate, and drew the bolt back, in spite of all Willie's efforts to prevent him.

Willie then attempted to hold the gate, so as not to allow old Tomms to open it; but he, being larger and stronger, easily forced it open, and pushing Willie roughly to one side, he walked along the path toward the shop.

Willie was greatly alarmed. He went and sat down on the step of the door, and the tears came into his eyes. "Oh dear me," said he, "what *shall* I do?"

In the mean time, old Tomms went into the shop. Mr. Joyn was exceedingly sorry to see him coming. In fact, he began to be very much agitated. He went on working as fast as he could, and took very little notice of his visitor. Old Tomms seated himself on the tool-chest which stood near the head of the bench where Mr. Joyn was working.

Old Tomms in Mr. Joyn's shop. The pocket pistol.

"Well, Joyn," said he, "you have not been in to see me this long time."

"No," said Mr. Joyn, without, however, looking up from his work. "I've been very busy of late."

"I thought you'd come in and congratulate with me on getting your mortgage paid up. I was going to treat you handsomely."

"No," said Mr. Joyn, "I don't wish to be treated."

"I am very glad you got the mortgage renewed," said Mr. Tomms. "I would have renewed it myself if I could possibly have done it, but I had a large sum to make up; I am really glad, though, that it is done, for your sake."

Mr. Tomms then went on talking good-naturedly and pleasantly with Mr. Joyn, amusing him with droll stories, which he knew very well how to relate, and giving him accounts of his old drinking companions. At last, when he thought he had got Mr. Joyn's mind sufficiently prepared for it, he said,

"Well, Joyn, I thought, as you would not come and take a little glass with me in honor of your good luck, that I would come and take one with you."

So saying, he drew out a small, flat glass bottle from his pocket, of the kind which drinkers call a pocket pistol, and putting it to his mouth, he took a long draught from it. He then handed it to Mr. Joyn. Mr. Joyn felt all his old appetite for the drink coming over him with irresistible power. He, however, stood against it manfully. He did not take the bottle, and so Mr. Tomms set it down upon the bench. He did this in an indifferent manner, as if he did not understand that Mr. Joyn meant to refuse the drink, but only that it was inconvenient for him to take it just then. So

he left it on the bench, and went on talking, taking up the bottle again presently, and drinking from it as before. In a word, in the course of ten or fifteen minutes, Mr. Joyn's resolutions were all undermined and carried away, and he was persuaded to take a drink, resolving fully that he would take only a very little. He drank, however, again and again, until the propensity was re-established in full vigor, and then old Tomms went away, having given Mr. Joyn a very earnest invitation to come and see him that evening at his store. Mr. Joyn promised that he would come.

That evening, at supper, Mr. Joyn looked thoughtful and absent-minded, and his face was somewhat flushed. After supper, instead of sitting down, as usual, with Willie, to talk with him, or hear him read one of his story books, he went out, pretending that he was going into the shop. After waiting some time, Willie went out to find him. He soon came back, saying that his father was not in the shop.

"Mother," said he, in a mournful tone, "where do you think he *can* have gone?"

"I don't know," replied his mother, speaking in a still more mournful tone. As she said this, she turned away toward the window, and stood there full of anxiety and sorrow.

That night, a little before midnight, Mr. Joyn came home in a worse condition than he had ever been in before. Willie went to bed before he came. His mother insisted that he should do so, though he wished very much to sit up in order to be with her. When he went to bed he soon fell asleep, but he was awakened by the noise which his father made in coming in, and was dreadfully frightened afterward to hear his loud and angry voice, and

his heavy tread as he staggered about the room. Willie covered his face up with the bed-clothes, and tried to stop his ears, but it was a long time before he could get to sleep.

The next day, when, about the middle of the forenoon, Mr. Joyn awoke and came to himself, he was at first overwhelmed with confusion and shame to think of his fall, and then he rapidly sank into a condition of recklessness and despair. "It is of no use," said he, "for me to attempt to reform. It is too late. I see I am going to destruction, and the sooner I get to the bitter end, the better for all concerned."

So Mr. Joyn gave himself up despairingly to his old habits, and was soon in a condition worse than ever before. He spent most of his days and all of his evenings in old Tomms' store, and came home at night in a dreadful state of intoxication and misery. Both Willie and his mother were overwhelmed with dismay at finding the hopes which they had cherished brought so suddenly and terribly to an end. Their hearts sank, in fact, to a condition of utter and absolute despair.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE TOWN MEETING.

The evils which resulted to the town, as well as to the several families more immediately concerned, from the sale of spirits, became at last so great, that many of the people began to think that the sale ought to be prevented by law. It is very unreasonable and unjust, said they, that this man Tomms should be allow-

ed to prey in this manner on such weak-minded men as he can make his victims, until he has got all their property away from them, and they are ruined, and then that the rest of the people of the town should be taxed to maintain them and their families for the rest of their lives, as criminals, paupers, or insane men. Besides, there ought to be provision made by law against allowing a man to do injury of any kind against other men, especially against his perpetrating such awful injuries as these.

So a town meeting was called, to see if the people would pass an ordinance forbidding intoxicating drinks of any kind from being sold in the town.

Mr. Tomms was very angry when he heard that this meeting was called. He determined to go to it himself, and make a speech against the enacting of any such ordinance. He also asked a certain lawyer, whom he employed to do a great deal of business for him, to make a speech too. He went round, moreover, to see all the men over whom he thought he had any influence, and tried to induce them to promise that they would vote against it.

At length the time for the town meeting came. The people assembled in the meeting-house, for there was no proper town-house in that town. The meeting first chose a moderator, whose duty it was to preside in the assembly, and to preserve order, and then the regular business was introduced. Mr. Banks brought forward the proposed law, which was, that after that time nobody should be allowed to sell any kind of intoxicating drinks in the town.

Mr. Tomms then rose to say what he had to say against the law. He stood near a window at the left hand of the moderator.

Mr. Tomms commences his speech. Willie's suggestion.

There were a great many rough and bad-looking men near him and around him. When he rose, he looked toward the moderator, who was seated at a table on a raised platform before the pulpit, and said,

"Mr. Moderator !"

The moderator then looked toward him, and said,

"Mr. Tomms."

This is the usual way by which a man commences to speak in a deliberative assembly. By saying Mr. Tomms, the moderator meant to announce to the meeting that Mr. Tomms was about to speak to them, and to call upon them to hear what he had to say.

Mr. Tomms, who, as might have been expected, was no great orator, spoke as follows:

"I know well enough, Mr. Moderator, that this law is going to be made against *me*. It is a plan got up by some of my enemies to injure me in my business, and to infringe upon our liberties. I have as good a right to do my business as Mr. Banks, or any other man, has to do his. I pay my debts as well as other men. I pay my taxes, too, as regularly as any man. I don't see any cause why I should be singled out and interfered with in this way, just to gratify the malice of my enemies. And as to drinking, my mind about it is, that every man has a right to eat and drink just what he pleases. He is the best judge what to drink, and how much will do him good, and it's nobody's business but his. I have a right to drink what I please, and it's nobody's business."

Just at this time there was a singular and sudden interruption to Mr. Tomms' speech, in a child's voice, which came from the

Surprise of the assembly. Willie is received with great applause.

middle of the meeting-house, and which said, in a clear and silvery tone,

"I am willing that you should drink as much rum as you please yourself, but you have no right to kill my father with it."

Every head in the assembly was turned at once in the direction from whence this voice proceeded. It was little Willie. He was standing upon a seat, having mounted upon it in order to bring his head up to where he could see. He had listened to Mr. Tomms' speech very attentively until he came to that part which seemed to imply that the object of the law was to prevent people from injuring *themselves* with rum, instead of being intended, as it really was, to keep them from ruining other people. In the eagerness of his interest in the subject, and forgetting, for the moment, where he was, he uttered the reply above given, but as soon as he saw the faces of the assembly all turned toward him, he was frightened at what he had done, and, climbing down from his seat, he hid his face between two men who were standing there. After a moment's silence, a universal burst of applause broke forth from the assembly. The men clapped their hands and applauded what Willie had said in such a manner as to frighten him more than ever. Mr. Tomms, too, was totally disconcerted at the unexpected turn that affairs had taken, and sat down without saying any more.

After the movement which had been produced by this incident had subsided, and one or two other persons had said a few words on some question relating to the form of the proceedings, the lawyer whom Mr. Tomms had engaged to speak rose and said,

"Mr. Moderator!"

Mr. Jakes, the lawyer, makes a speech. His arguments.

"Mr. Jakes," said the moderator, announcing the new speaker, for that was the lawyer's name.

Mr. Jakes made a much more systematic and finished address than Mr. Tomms had done, though in reasoning against the law he took substantially the same ground. His speech was in substance as follows:

"In the first place, Mr. Moderator, we have *no right* to make such a law as this. Our duty in making laws is to *protect* men in their business, not to interfere with and obstruct them. Other men have their business—Mr. Tomms has his. The law should protect all alike. We have no right to single out one branch of trade, and restrict or destroy it, while we protect the others. We ought to serve all alike."

Here Mr. Jakes looked for a moment upon a small piece of paper which he held in his hand for a memorandum, and then resumed his discourse.

"The second thing I have to say, Mr. Moderator, is, that a man whose business it is to sell liquor, ought not, as some men seem to imagine, to be held responsible for any accidental evils that happen in connection with it, any more than other men in other branches of business. A man will sometimes drink too much and hurt himself; but that is nobody's fault but his own. In the same manner, a man sometimes hurts himself by eating too much; but will you hold the butcher and the baker responsible for that, and so make laws to break up their business? A young man, likewise, may dissipate all his property in buying horses and racing them, and so come at last on the town; but will you, on that account, make laws to forbid people from raising horses or dealing in them?

"In fact, every thing is liable to abuse sometimes; accidents happen in all sorts of business. There is my friend, now, Mr. Underwheel, who owns the saw-mill."

Here the speaker, by a gesture, turned the attention of the company to Mr. Underwheel, who was standing in one of the aisles near him, and listening earnestly to what the orator was saying.

"Mr. Underwheel owns a saw-mill. A few years ago, a man fell through an open place in his mill, and was killed on the rocks below. Shall we, on that account, make a law forbidding the erection of saw-mills, and so break up Mr. Underwheel's business, and ruin him?

"There is no business which is not liable to accidents, and nothing in the way of eating and drinking that is not subject to abuse. People often hurt themselves by drinking too much cold water. Shall we, on that account, plug up the town pump? The children in the schools sometimes injure their health by gnawing their slate-pencils. Shall we, on that account, prohibit the use of slate-pencils, and make it criminal for Mr. Rool, our excellent bookseller, to keep them for sale?"

Here Mr. Jakes once more turned his eyes toward his paper, and after studying it a moment, he looked up to the moderator again, and went on as follows:

"I come, in the third place, Mr. Moderator, to my greatest objection to this law, which is, that it takes away our liberties. As Mr. Tomms has himself remarked, every man has a perfect right to eat, and drink, and wear what he pleases, and the rest of the world have nothing to do with it. Each one must judge for himself what is best for him. If he drinks to excess, we may regret

Mr. Banks replies to Mr. Jakes. His allusion to Willie. Willie hides.

it, and we may do all in our power, by moral influences, to induce him to reform, but we have no right to exercise any forcible control over him in any way. We must let him do as he pleases, himself, after all. If we attempt to compel him to eat and drink what we think is best for him, we violate his liberty. I therefore, Mr. Moderator, am against making any such law."

Mr. Jakes, having thus finished his speech, sat down.

Mr. Banks rose to reply to him.

"Mr. Moderator!" said Mr. Banks.

"Mr. Banks," said the moderator.

Mr. Banks commenced his speech as follows:

"Mr. Moderator, in respect to the last point to which the gentleman who has just spoken has called our attention, he is plainly under a mistake. He misconceives the object and intent of the ordinance. No one proposes to make a law to prevent men from drinking any thing they please. The proposal is merely to forbid men from *enticing other people to drink*. I am the more surprised that so clear-headed and discriminating a man as Mr. Jakes should have made this mistake, as the distinction was pointed out so plainly, though very concisely, by my young friend, Master Willie, whose speech, though short, seemed to me exceedingly to the point."

Here all the people in the assembly turned again to look at Willie, and Willie, who, in the mean time, had climbed up upon the seat again, got down as quick as he could, and hid himself as much as possible in the corner of the pew.

"Presuming, then, that we all now understand that no law is proposed to interfere with any man's right to drink any baneful

Mr. Banks' reasoning about the mill, and about the slate-pencils.

and injurious drinks himself that he pleases, but only to forbid his making a business of distributing such drinks about the town to poison and destroy other people, we come now to the question whether the community has any right to interfere with such a business. Mr. Jakes has called our attention to accidents which sometimes happen in various other callings, and to the abuses which may grow out of the use of things usually harmless. What he said on these points was all perfectly true. But the difference between those cases and the one we are considering is this: that in all those cases, the accidents and abuses are rare and extraordinary exceptions, while in their ordinary working, those branches of business are extremely salutary and beneficial. Mr. Underwheel's saw-mill, for example, goes on for years, sawing out timber, frame-work, and boards for us to make our houses, our barns, our bridges, our furniture, and our farming utensils of, without any accident at all. Then, once in a great many years, some accident comes; but, as Mr. Jakes very truly remarked, we should not give up the mill on account of it, for the predominant and principal result of its working is good—the evil is only accidental and rare.

"It is the same with the slate-pencils. Millions of children have their minds developed, and their thinking and reasoning powers trained to right action through the instrumentality of this little implement, while there is only here and there an instance that a foolish girl is injured by gnawing them. Of course, as Mr. Jakes very correctly maintained, it would be very unwise to deprive the country of this immense amount of good for the sake of avoiding this very little and insignificant evil.

Sad effects of drinking. Man on the track. Train coming.

"In a word, I fully agree with Mr. Jakes, that in all such cases as these, where the *ordinary* and *prevailing* influences of any branch of business is good, we ought not to forbid that business on account of a little incidental evil.

"But in the business of selling rum, the case is exactly the reverse. Here the good, if there is any good at all—and, to avoid having too many points to discuss, I grant, for argument's sake, that there may be some little good—still, if there is any, it is very little; while the great, the predominant, the prevailing influence of the business is universally and dreadfully evil. Look over the history of this town for the last ten years, and see what has, on *the whole*, been the effect of buying and drinking rum upon those who have practiced it. They have almost all gone to ruin. Some have died miserably. One was drowned in the flume. Another was run over, one cold winter night, upon the rail-road, where he had fallen down insensible. Some have become insane. Some are in the poor-house, with their wives and children — a burden to the town. On the other hand, look at those who never touch this drink at all, and see what condition they are in. They are almost all industrious, forehanded, thrifty men — respected and happy. Their

Prosperous and happy family. Mr. Banks sums up the case.

children are growing up around them well provided for, well

taught, and with bright prospects before them. Nine tenths of those who have been in the habit of drinking rum have gone to ruin. If any have been saved, it is only some rare and remarkable exception. Nine tenths who have not been in this habit have done well. If any have not done well, it is only some rare and remarkable exception.

"Thus this business differs from those which Mr. Jakes mentioned in the fact that while in those the great thing is the good, and the evil is incidental and rare—in this, the great thing is the evil, while the good is very small and insignificant. I think myself that there is no good at all; but I will not insist on that, but only maintain that it is very small.

Mr. Banks' reasoning on the slate-pencil question.

"Now I maintain, and I think that the common sense of all who are present will sustain me in the position, that whenever any branch of business, no matter what it is, is such that the main, predominating, and prevailing influence of it is evil—not on the man himself who follows it, but upon the community at large—the community has a right, in self-defense, to prohibit it. We do thus prohibit the business of making and selling gambling implements, and wicked books, and other such things; and we have a right to forbid any kind of business whatever when we are convinced that, though the man who follows it gains, the community at large is injured by it. The principle applies to every thing—even to slate-pencils. Suppose, for example, there was some insidious poison in slate-pencils, which had a strong and universal tendency to ruin the health, and debase and degrade the minds of children, so that vast numbers of them became insane, and many of them, under the influence of the poison, killed their parents, or their young brothers and sisters, or destroyed themselves in their paroxysms of wretchedness and despair, and that there was so strong a propensity in almost all children to gnaw the pencils that they could not resist the temptation, and that in this manner a very large number of families throughout the country were made miserable and wretched, and many of them brought to ruin, then I put it to the common sense of all this meeting whether it would not be perfectly right and proper for the community to pass laws prohibiting the manufacture and sale of slate-pencils altogether, and requiring teachers to use something more safe for their scholars in arithmetic instead."

Mr. Banks then went on to make some further remarks, show-

ing the dreadful evils which had accrued to many families in the town, and the great inconvenience and loss to the town itself, from the selling of rum. His speech was suddenly cut short by the shrill voice of a woman, calling out, near the door,

"Hang him! Hang him! Be sure and hang him!"

It was Polly. She had got an idea that the meeting was a great court convened to try old Tomms for murdering her little Johnny, and so, having contrived to get in at the door, she shouted out the exclamation given above, and then immediately went away.

As soon as the excitement produced by this incident subsided, a white-haired gentleman, of great age and experience, rose in a corner of the meeting-house, and said that he was strongly in favor of a law to prohibit the traffic in intoxicating drinks, but he had some doubt whether the town was authorized to make such an ordinance under their act of incorporation, and whether it was not necessary that it should be enacted *as a law* by the Legislature of the state. He accordingly proposed, in order to be sure to have the thing done in the right way, to petition the state Legislature to enact such a law. This was agreed to by an immense majority, and a committee was appointed to draw up the petition.

The petition to the Legislature. Mr. Thornton offers it

CHAPTER XIV.

A NEW LAW.

The petition from the town to the state Legislature, asking that a law might be passed to forbid the selling of rum throughout the state, was duly prepared. It was sent, when it was ready, in a letter, by mail, to the capital of the state, where the Legislature was then assembled. It was addressed to Mr. Thornton, who was the representative of the town of Jayne in the Legislature, and, of course, was the proper member to take charge of it. The next morning after receiving the petition, Mr. Thornton rose in his place, and said that he had received a petition from his town to be offered to the Legislature, and he then proceeded to state what it was. After hearing the petition, the Legislature, as is usual in such cases, appointed a committee to inquire into the facts, and see if it was best to grant such a petition, and, in case they should decide that it was, to devise and write out carefully the form of a law proper to be passed to accomplish the object. The committee, as soon as they had come to a conclusion in their inquiries, were to report to the Legislature what they had learned, and also present the form of the law which they had drawn up, in case they should have decided that it was best to make one.

This committee, soon after they had been appointed, assembled in a room by themselves to make their inquiries. They examined a great many witnesses from all parts of the state, to learn what were the general and prevailing results produced by selling rum.

The committee of the Legislature.	Their inquiries.	The result.

It was very right to make this inquiry; for if the evils which this traffic produced had been only incidental and occasional, while the prevailing effect of it was to promote the comfort and enjoyment of the people who bought and used the drink, then it is plain that it would not have been right to have interfered with the business at all. The traffic, in that case, would have been like the selling of honey, or cake, or candy, which articles, though generally harmless and wholesome, are sometimes, when used injudiciously or to excess, quite hurtful. On the contrary, if it had proved that the general and prevailing tendency of using these drinks was baneful, while the pleasure derived from them was only brief and comparatively insignificant, it would have been right to make laws to prohibit the selling of them; inasmuch as, if we grant that a man has a right to injure himself as much as he pleases by using deleterious drinks, he has no right to make a business of injuring his neighbors by them.

The committee found, on making their inquiries, that, looking at the subject on a great scale, which they did by taking a survey of the effects produced by these drinks all over the state, it was plain that there was an immense preponderance of evil in the consequences of using them. The criminals in the jails were more than half brought there by the effects of drink; so were nearly all the paupers in the poor-houses. The poor and miserable families that lived in wretched hovels in the outskirts of the villages, with neglected wives, and ill-clad and hungry children, they found had been brought to that condition by drink. Here is a picture of such a family. The poor unhappy mother, who, though forsaken and almost broken-hearted, is doing all she can to feed and

Picture of the deserted wife and her hungry children.

clothe her children, teaches them always to ask God's blessing before they begin to eat their coarse and scanty meal.

Such cases as these were innumerable. To balance all this

misery and ruin, there was nothing of the nature of good, except the momentary gratification of the taste, and the brief and delusive hilarity which the drinkers enjoyed during the hours which they spent in their carousings.

Thus the committee were all convinced that the business of selling rum was not like that of selling honey, candy, or cake—a business generally good in its results, and only occasionally and incidentally evil—but rather like that of selling gambling implements, or tools for burglars, or poisons for the use of murderers and suicides—one which produced only a very little incidental good, while it led directly and universally to the most wide-spread and enormous evils. So they determined to recommend to the Legislature to pass a law to suppress it, and they accordingly went to work to draw up the form of the law.

This work occupied several days, as there were a great many subordinate questions to be debated and determined, such as how soon the law should go into effect, and what should be the punishment of the men who should violate it by continuing to sell rum, and what should be done in respect to furnishing spirit which might be wanted for sickness, and for other innocent and proper uses. When, at last, the committee satisfied themselves on all these points, and had drawn up the form of the law, they presented it one day to the Legislature, that the representatives might consider it, and enact it if they thought best.

The Legislature had a great deal of other business to attend to, and, after the committee had reported to them, it was some time before they could take up this question, and then there was a long debate upon the subject, which was continued from day to day;

The law enacted. Mr. Joyn is very nearly disheartened at his condition.

and at length, when the Legislature finally passed the law, they made a provision that it was not to go into operation for two months. Thus, after the time when the petition from the town of Jayne was sent to the Legislature, there was an interval of more than three months before the selling of spirit was contrary to law.

During all this time, Mr. Tomms went on selling his liquor, and spreading ruin and death among the families of his customers, as usual, until at length, a few weeks before the time fixed upon for the law to go into operation, his career was brought to a sudden end in a very extraordinary manner. The circumstances of this catastrophe will be related in the two next chapters.

CHAPTER XV.

A PLOT.

When the town meeting which was described in the last chapter but one was adjourned, Willie, having understood that nothing had been decided upon positively in respect to Mr. Tomms' store, was greatly disappointed and cast down. He was convinced that if the temptation of the store could be removed out of the way, his father could resist all other temptations, and would become a sober man. But, so long as this one continued, there was no hope. He went home, and informed his mother of the failure of the meeting to make the law, and they mourned together over their bitter disappointment with deep but unavailing sorrow.

There were a great many other families in substantially the

same condition. It is true they knew that a petition had gone to the Legislature, but the Legislature seemed to them a great way off, and the prospect of any help or remedy coming from that quarter appeared to them very remote and uncertain. In fact, many of them did not know what the Legislature was.

One night, late in November, just after sunset, Willie was shutting up the gates before his father's house, and putting things in order for the night, when he saw a large, coarse-looking boy, ragged and dirty, coming along the road toward him. Willie knew the boy by sight as well as by name. His name was Joe Bolster. Willie knew, too, that both the father and mother of this boy were very intemperate, and that, in consequence of this, he and all his brothers and sisters were in a very wretched condition.

"Willie," said Bolster, "is that you?"

"Yes," said Willie.

The boy advanced toward the gate, and, standing outside, he leaned upon the topmost bar of it, and looked toward Willie, who stood within.

"Willie," said he, "are you a Freemason?"

"No," answered Willie.

"I mean, can you keep a secret?" said Bolster.

"I don't know," replied Willie, hesitatingly. He wondered what this singular beginning was going to lead to.

"Because," said Bolster, "if you will promise to keep it secret, I've got something to tell you."

"Well," said Willie, "what is it?"

"The boys are going, to-night, to bore out all of old Tomms' rum," said Bolster.

Joe Bolster makes a mysterious proposition.

"Bore it out?" repeated Willie.

"Yes," said Bolster.

"How are you going to do it?" asked Willie.

"You'll see," said Bolster, "when you come. You must come and help us. We want such a boy as you to hold the light."

"What time are you going?" asked Willie.

"Oh, not till after he shuts up," replied Bolster. "About ten o'clock, I suppose. You come by-and-by. We are going to meet in the pound. There is a place in the corner of the pound where nobody can see us. You be sure and come."

So saying, Bolster turned and went away.

When Willie went into the house and told his mother what Bolster said, she was quite perplexed to know what it could mean. She was very much disposed to be pleased with any plot or conspiracy, whatever it might be, which was directed against old Tomms' pestilent stores of liquor, but she could not conceive what it was that Bolster was going to do.

"What *can* he mean by *boring out* old Tomms' rum?" said she.

"I am sure I don't know," said Willie. "But, if you will let me, I mean to go and see."

"I am afraid it is something wrong," said his mother.

"Then I won't help them do it," said Willie.

"But perhaps you can't tell," replied his mother, "whether it is wrong or not."

Willie assured his mother very earnestly that he could tell, and that he would not join them in doing any thing that was wrong; and, finally, his mother reluctantly consented that he should go and see what the boys were intending to do, but he was not to

Willie maintains that there is no harm in just holding a light.

join them in doing it unless he was perfectly sure that it was something that it was right for them to do.

About half an hour afterward, while Willie was sitting at the chimney corner reading a book, his mother, who had in the mean time been busy about the room, though thinking of the subject almost all the time, alluded to it again.

"Willie," said she, "I am afraid, after all, that you will get into some difficulty if you go with those boys."

"Oh no, mother," said Willie, "there is no danger at all. *I* can tell. Besides, all they want of me is to hold the light. There is no harm in just holding a light."

Willie was much mistaken in this idea. Whether there is any harm in holding a light or not, depends upon what you are holding it for. A man who holds a light for the purpose of enabling robbers to break open a lock, in order that they may get into a house to commit a robbery, would be justly punished, if taken, as an accomplice in the crime.

Mrs. Joyn, however, was at length so far influenced by Willie's persuasions, that she consented that he should go. Accordingly, at half past nine o'clock, he set off for the pound.

A pound is a small square inclosure surrounded by a strong fence or wall, which is used for the purpose of shutting up cattle that are found going astray. The pound in Jayne was situated at the end of a back street, in a place that was very retired, though it was not far from the heart of the village. As Willie approached it, he saw a gleam of light shining over one corner of it as if from a fire inside.

The gate was open, and Willie went in.

Picture of the boys at their rendezvous in the pound.

He saw several boys gathered together around a small fire in a corner of the pound. They were talking together in suppressed

voices. As they stood about the fire, their forms and faces were illuminated by the glow of it, in such a manner as to present a very picturesque and striking spectacle.

Some account of the plot which the boys had formed.

"Here comes Willie," said Bolster. "I told you he would come."

The boys turned toward Willie, and stopped talking till he reached the place where they were standing. Willie knew some of them. Others he did not know. One of them had a dark lantern in his hand, and on a flat stone near the fire Willie saw two augers lying, one crossing the other.*

The plan which the boys had formed for boring out old Tomms' rum, as they called it, was to wait in the pound till about ten o'clock, when they supposed that the store would be shut up and all would be still, and then they were to go into the yard behind the store with their lanterns and their augers. There was no cellar under the part of the store where Mr. Tomms kept his casks of liquors, but only the space that happened to be left between the floor and the surface of the ground when the store was built. This space was not very high, but a boy, once in, could walk about pretty well there by stooping a little. There was an opening in the under-pinning, and near one corner, where a boy might go in. The plan of the boys was to creep into this hole, taking the lantern and their augers with them, and then to go to the place that was exactly under where the casks of liquor stood, and bore holes up through the floor into the bottoms of the casks, and so let all the spirits flow out down into the ground.

As soon as Willie understood what the plan was, he was quite perplexed with the question whether it was right or not. He felt inclined, at first, to believe that it was not right. He was very

* These augers were of the size called half-inch augers, that is to say, they would bore holes half an inch in diameter.

Bolster's reasoning. Willie is not quite satisfied. Need of company.

glad to hear of any project that promised to break up old Tomms' business, but he did not know, he said, that it was right for the boys to steal his rum, in order to prevent his selling it to their fathers.

"Stealing it!" said Bolster; "we are not going to steal it. Stealing things is taking them away with you, to use for yourself, or to sell. We are not going to take the rum away. We are going to let it run down into the ground."

Willie was not entirely satisfied with this reasoning; but finally he concluded to go with the boys, to see how the affair would end, without, however, taking any part in it himself. He determined that he would not even hold the lantern, if he could possibly help it.

There was not really any necessity that he should do any thing, for there were boys enough without him to do all that was required. In fact, as is usual in such cases, the contrivers of the scheme, in inviting so many to join in it, were influenced quite as much by the desire to have company as by a wish for help. Two would have been enough to do the work—one to hold the lantern, and the other to bore the holes. But for any two, or even three, to go alone on such an enterprise, would have required a great deal of courage. There is a certain feeling of lonesomeness and awe, which the darkness of the night, the solitude, and the danger inspire, when there are few, which is very much lessened by the countenance and encouragement of companions. For this reason, the boys had enlisted in the plan a number larger than would otherwise have been necessary.

This was also one of the reasons why they built a fire at the

The boys climb up upon a pile of boards and watch the light.

place of rendezvous in the pound. They wished for the fire quite as much for the company of it as for its warmth.

At length, when the proper time arrived, Bolster led the way, and the other boys followed, in parties of two or three together, to avoid suspicion, toward old Tomms' store. They went into a back street which led behind the store, and at length came to a place where there was a high fence. This fence formed the back side of Tomms' yard. There was a pile of old boards against this fence. The boys climbed up upon the pile of boards, and looked over.

"Hush!" said Bolster; "there's a light!"

The boys looked over the fence, and saw a light in the back window of the store.

"We must wait a while," said Bolster.

So the boys sat down on the boards to wait. They sat as near together as possible, both for company and to keep each other warm. They waited thus for nearly an hour, occasionally looking over the fence to see if the light was out.

At length, getting tired of this, they concluded to climb over the fence into the yard. Bolster said he thought there was no danger in doing this. He thought that old Tomms must have left a little fire burning in the store, and that that made the light. He did not believe there was any body there.

"Besides," said he, "even if there are people there, they will not hear us boring, if we work carefully. So let us begin."

The boys did not object to this plan; but when they came to look into the dark hole which led under the building, and thought of creeping in, with a dark lantern, for such a purpose, frightful

They are all afraid to go into the dark hole.

thoughts of bears and wolves under there, with great eyes glaring at them, or of imaginary monsters worse even than bears and wolves, filled their minds with such dreadful phantoms that none of them dared to go in.

"You take an auger, Jim," whispered Bolster, "and creep in, and I'll hold the light for you."

"No," said Jim, "you are the largest and strongest, and you must bore. I'll hold the light."

"Why, that's the very reason," said Bolster. "I'm too tall. We need one of the shorter boys to go in and bore. You go, Esty."

"No," said Esty, drawing back, and putting his hands behind him.

After some further parley of this sort, it was concluded not to go under the building at all, but to bore through the side of it, opposite to where the casks of liquor were known to stand.

"We can work better boring into the side of the house," said Bolster, "where we can stand up, and hold the auger the way it comes handy, than we can to get under and bore up through the floor. Besides, they can hold the light better for us."

So the boys decided upon the place where the boring was to be made, and then concluded to wait a little while longer to see if the light would not be put out. They looked about for some corner where they could sit down together until the proper moment for action should arrive.

Changes in the state of mind of insane people. Polly forms a plot against Mr. Tomms.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CATASTROPHE.

While Bolster and his troop of boys were going forward to put their plot in execution for depriving Mr. Tomms of the means of doing any more mischief, there was another scheme on foot against him, of a still more serious character than this, which was intended to be carried into effect the same evening. The contriver of this second scheme was no other than crazy Polly.

Persons who are deranged are often subject to great variations of feeling. They will continue, sometimes, for a considerable period, quite calm and composed, and during this time they are very easily controlled. At length a gradual excitement begins to come on. They look wild, talk incoherently, grow capricious and ungovernable, and finally become so furious that it is often necessary to keep them closely confined until the paroxysm is over. It was particularly so with Polly. She would be quite calm and quiet for several weeks at a time, and then she would become so violent that they could not do any thing with her.

Poor Polly was always very violent in her denunciations of old Tomms in her periods of excitement, but she was then almost always confined, so that she could not execute the threats which she uttered. Afterward, when the paroxysm passed away, and she became calm, though her hatred of Mr. Tomms did not appear to diminish, it seemed to lapse into a quiescent state, and ceased to give occasion for any alarm. At such times she would

Polly on the shore of the river. Her dog Turo. A change.

walk about the village, begging food or clothing from house to house, or sit silent and dejected by the road-side, or down on the

shore of the river, manifesting very little feeling or intelligence of any kind. On these occasions she was often attended by a certain dog, that, having no other owner, had attached himself to *her*.

Of late, however, Polly had become somewhat changed. In her quiet intervals she seemed more sagacious and rational, and, at the same time, more resentful toward Mr. Tomms than usual. She displayed no little ingenuity and cunning in some things that she did, so much so that many people began to think that poor Polly was recovering her senses. But it was not so. The intelligence which she displayed was only the artfulness and cunning that such persons often evince, and by which they sometimes manage successfully very complicated maneuverings, while,

Polly forms a very cunning plot. Details of it.

all the time, there is no evidence whatever of any tendency in their minds to the recovery of their reason.

While in this state of mind, Polly formed a plot for obtaining an opportunity to gratify her long-cherished hatred and revenge against Mr. Tomms, by getting him intoxicated in his store, so as to render him helpless, thinking that then, if she could get into the store to him, she could do whatever she pleased.

"I will get him drunk," said she, "and then I will burn the soul out of his body with his own rum."

In order to carry this plan into effect, she proposed it to a considerable number of wretched vagabonds, who lived in the outskirts of the town, and who, having been brought to ruin by Mr. Tomms' influence, hated him, though they could not summon resolution enough to free themselves from his snares. She sought out one after another of these miserable men, and told them her plan, with many nods, and winks, and significant gestures, and with much wild and incoherent language. They were to go in, she said, in small companies in succession, two or three at a time, at intervals during the evening and the early part of the night; each party to drink themselves, and to induce Tomms to drink with them as much as possible. Tomms was generally ready to drink with his customers, thinking it necessary to do so in order to set them a good example; but then he had a constitution which enabled him to bear so much more than most men, and he was also able to exercise so much self-control, that he was seldom overcome. Still, Polly thought that, by sending in a great number of people in succession, he might be subdued.

"I'll give you the money," said Polly. "You've nothing to do

Polly proposes her plan. Her money. The men accede to it.

but to buy the liquor, and make him drink as much as you can. You make the music, and I'll pay the fiddler. Set the tune on C sharp, and we'll let the old alligator see who's the sharpest. Look here!"

So saying, Polly put her hand down very deep into her pocket, and took out a large handful of silver change. It was money that she had been for some time engaged in collecting, for this very purpose, by begging and by other similar means. The men to whom Polly showed her money asked her to give it to them then, but she was altogether too cunning for that.

"No," said she, putting back the money in her pocket. "Oats for the horse when the work is coming on. To-morrow night. You'll find me in the street."

The men to whom Polly proposed this plan generally entered into it very readily. Some assented to it in order to get the drink, some from a sort of curiosity and interest in the "fun of the thing," as they called it, while others still were ready to join in the plot because they hated old Tomms, and were desirous to get him into Polly's power, secretly hoping that in her madness she would do him some desperate injury. One of these men said to another that Polly had been under old Tomms' harrow long enough, and he, for one, would like to see the old heathen take his turn for at least one night.

The plot succeeded far better than one would have supposed possible with a scheme devised and carried into execution by a crazy woman. The men came, one after another, or in little parties, two or three at a time, to the street in front of Mr. Tomms' store. There, or at a little distance up and down the street, they

The time arrives for the execution of the plot. Polly's self-control.

found Polly, carrying a basket full of herbs in her hand, for a pretext, and walking to and fro, as she often did on such evenings. Polly would give each of the men some money, exacting from them all a solemn promise that they would make old Tomms himself drink as much as they could. This continued for nearly three hours. Mr. Tomms wondered at first how it happened that he had such an unusual number of customers that evening; but, as he never would leave his store as long as customers continued to come in, he remained very willingly to wait upon them, and secretly rejoiced at the excellent business he was doing. As it was a rule with him, moreover, never to decline drinking with any one who invited him to drink—a rule which he adopted, in order, as I have before said, not to set a bad example to his customers—he gradually and insensibly began to feel the effects of what he drank. In a word, about eleven o'clock, a party of two or three, who had been in the store about half an hour, came out, nearly tipsy themselves, and told Polly that old Tomms was so far gone that she could do any thing she pleased with him. So Polly determined to go in.

Insane persons, strange as it may seem, are possessed of a great power of self-control in cases where they have any motive to exercise it, and Polly, in going into Tomms' store, though on the brink of a paroxysm of the most furious excitement, proceeded as warily and as cautiously as if she had been the most rational woman in town. As she entered, she stopped a moment at the door to look and listen. She could see a light in the back part of the store, where the liquor casks were placed, and where several chairs were standing near a stove. In one of these—a large

Interior of old Tomms' store. Polly goes in.

elbow chair with a leather seat—old Tomms himself was reclined. His feet were stretched out toward the stove, his head had fallen down upon his chin, his eyes were half shut, and he was muttering something to himself quite incoherently.

Polly went in toward him. There was a table set against the wall, with some glasses on it, and a candle. The candle was nearly burned out. Instead of a candlestick there was a block of wood, with three nails driven into it at such a distance apart as to hold the lower end of the candle. The candle was burned down nearly to the heads of the nails. At the end of the stove were four liquor casks, standing up on end in a row. Beyond them was a shelf, with a great many earthen jugs upon it. Near the stove there were two nails driven into the wall; upon one of them a hammer was hung, and a tin tunnel upon the other.

Polly looked about, and surveyed all these things with a quick and restless eye as she came in.

"Polly," said Mr. Tomms, in a very sleepy tone of voice, "is that you? Come in and be friendly."

He then shut his eyes, and breathed loud, as if he were asleep.

He opened his eyes again in a moment, and staring stupidly at Polly, he said,

"Polly, is that you? *Is* that you? Come in and take a friendly glass. I don't bear you no ill will, no how; though I believe Maggs owes me a little—a little—a litl—so'thin'."

Here he seemed to drop asleep again.

Polly stood still, looking at him a moment until she saw that his eyes were shut, and then winking hard at him, and snapping

her fingers, she turned away, and walked on tip-toe round in a circle on the floor twice, and then began to dance.

"Polly!" said Mr. Tomms, sleepily, and half opening his eyes.

Polly immediately resumed her gravity, and came, in a very demure manner, to Mr. Tomms' chair.

"Let us take a friendly glass together—a friendly gl—gl—glass."

"Yes," said Polly; "I'll bring it."

So saying, she took a tumbler from the table, and filling it nearly full from one of the casks, she brought it to Mr. Tomms, and putting her hand behind his head, said,

"Here, Mr. Tomms, here's a little taste for you. Drink it."

Tomms raised his head a little, and Polly held the glass to his lips, and partly by persuasion, and partly by a little gentle force, she made him drink it all. As soon as he had finished the draught, he laid his head back again and went to sleep.

Polly then began to dance about the room again, and finding soon that Tomms was now so intoxicated that he was utterly insensible to every thing which might take place around him, she gave up the struggle which she had been making so long to keep her excitement under control, and her insanity returned in all its force. She first began rummaging about upon the shelves of the store that were nearest her, and pulling down shawls, and dresses, and ribbons in great numbers, she decked herself out in the most fantastic manner with them, strewing the rest of the things all over the floor. In this guise she danced about, stopping now and then to rail incoherently at her victim, or to make grimaces at him.

After a while, she found a box half full of candles on a shelf.

She lights a great many candles. Picture of her.

She immediately began to take out the candles, and light them one by one. She put some of them into the tumblers and mugs, and others into the mouths of empty bottles, until the whole store was illuminated with the light.

"Now, old shark," said she, "I can see to kill you."

So saying, she took down the hammer from the place where it was hanging on its nail, and came with it behind her sleeping victim, and raised it in the air over his head, as if about to strike

Her dreadful animosity against old Tomms.

with it a prodigious blow. After poising the instrument a moment in the air, she seemed to alter her mind. So she threw the hammer away with all her force across the store. It struck among the mass of bottles on a shelf, and broke them with a great crash. Polly paid no attention to this noise, but went round immediately to Mr. Tomms' feet, and, taking hold of them with both her arms, she pulled him down from his chair to the floor. The fall was broken, in some degree, by the rounds of the chair, which the back of his head grazed in coming down, but his head struck the floor with a heavy blow, which seemed almost enough to break the skull. Tomms groaned, but did not awake; on the contrary, he immediately began to breathe in a very loud and extraordinary manner, such as, if Polly had been in her right mind, would have been quite appalling to her.

"I said I'd burn your soul out of your body," said she, "and I will."

So saying, she went to one of the casks, and, drawing out a tumbler full of spirits, she came to old Tomms, as he lay upon the floor, and offered it to him to drink, by putting it to his lips.

"Drink!" said she.

Tomms, of course, took no notice of this, but went on breathing as before.

"Drink, I tell ye!" said Polly. "Why don't ye drink?"

So saying, and finding that Tomms did not move, she poured the spirit into his mouth. It filled his mouth, and choked and strangled him. A great deal of it ran down his cheeks to the floor.

Just then, Polly's attention was arrested by hearing a noise.

She hears the boys boring. She breaks the jugs. Noise.

She listened. The sound was like that of rats gnawing in the wall. It was really the sound made by the auger of the boys boring into one of the casks. They had waited outside a long while for Mr. Tomms' light to be put out, and they had peeped cautiously, from time to time, into the windows, in the course of the evening, to see what was going on.

In the mean time, they had set the augers, and had bored into the side of the house, which they had got nearly through, but they did not dare to go quite through until Mr. Tomms had shut up the store and gone home. So, after boring as far as they thought prudent, they had concealed themselves at the end of a pile of empty casks that lay in the yard, where they could see the window, and watch the light. While watching here, they were at length much surprised to see the light rapidly increasing. Bolster said he would go and see what it meant.

So he crept up softly and cautiously to the window, and, after looking in eagerly for a few minutes, he turned round to the boys, and said,

"Old Tomms is drunk and asleep, and Polly Maggs is in there, carrying on. Bore away! Bore away!"

This boring was the sound which Polly heard.

She, however, paid very little attention to it. But her eye, just at this time, falling upon the row of jugs upon the shelf, some of which had been broken by the hammer, the idea seized her of breaking the rest.

"Yes," said she, "I'll break the jugs, so that they shall not do any more harm."

She accordingly brought them one by one, and smashed them

The boys meet with a difficulty. They surmount it.

to pieces on the stove. The noise she made in doing this, and the excitement naturally attending such a deed of destruction, made her wilder than ever. She sang, and screamed, and danced, and, in a word, made the place more noisy and uproarious than it usually was in the time of the greatest carousals that had been held there. The boys outside were greatly pleased to hear this noise. It favored their work, partly by drowning the sound which they made, and partly by nerving them to greater resolution to go on with what they had undertaken. They caught, in fact, some of Polly's ardor by the effect of sympathy.

The auger that they were boring with, after passing through the side of the house, came to a vacant space, namely, the space which intervened between the wall and the back side of the cask. The boy who was boring easily pushed it through this space, and then began to bore against the cask, but the auger would not enter.

"What's the matter with it, Tom?" said Bolster.

"I don't know," said Tom; "it won't enter."

"It strikes a hoop," said Bolster. "I expect you must begin again, higher up."

So Tom begun again a little higher. When he reached the side of the cask this time, he soon found that the auger was taking hold.

"Yes," said he, "it is going in."

In two minutes after this, the auger passed through; and on withdrawing the tool, the boys found, by listening at the hole, that they could hear a gurgling sound, produced, no doubt, by the running out of the liquor through the hole they had made, down the

The cask is bored and the liquor runs away.

side of the barrel to the floor. From the space under the barrel, it spread in all directions over the room, flowing in little streams that crept slowly along over the floor, or reposing in pools at every depression in the surface of it. Some of the liquor found its way into holes and crevices, by which it percolated through the floor, and ran dripping down to the ground. By far the larger proportion of it, however, remained above, and Polly, in going back and forth, trampled recklessly through it.

"Some of his tubs leak," said she, at length; "but no matter; I can stop them."

Her way of stopping the leaks was rather extraordinary, for it consisted in turning the faucets of all the casks, so as to set them running. The floor was, of course, soon entirely covered, and the liquor, finding its way now through innumerable crevices, ran down in a multitude of streams from the under side of the floor to the ground below.

Just at this moment, Polly's eye fell upon the tunnel which was hanging up by the side of the hammer.

"Hah!" said she. "This is just what I want."

So she took the tunnel, and catching a mug full of spirit from the faucet of one of the casks, she went to the side of Tomms again. He was now lying perfectly quiet, his mouth wide open, but without making any sound whatever by his breathing.

"I said I would burn the soul out of your body," said she, "and now is the time."

So she put the tunnel into the wretched victim's mouth, and poured the spirit into the tunnel until the mouth was full, and a great quantity had run down to the floor. She then threw the

mug and tunnel down, and catching up a candle which stood in a tumbler on the floor close by, she touched the surface of the spirit with it. The flame caught in an instant, and, running rapidly over old Tomms' face, it flashed to the floor, and spread with great rapidity all over the room. In a moment, in fact, the whole room was in a blaze.

Polly screamed, and ran toward the door of the store. Fortunately, her dress was of woolen, and did not take fire. She was met at the door by one of the neighbors, who, hearing an unusual noise in the store, and seeing an extraordinary light, was coming to see what was the matter.

The whole village was immediately aroused by the cry of fire, and by the light of the burning building; for the flames spread so rapidly that, in a very few minutes, the fire was breaking out under the eaves and through the windows on every side.

Of course it was not possible to save the store. The building was burned to the ground. The body of Mr. Tomms was taken out the next morning from among the smouldering ruins, a burned and blackened corpse. Whether he was burned to death, or had died before the fire was lighted, either from the effects of the spirit which he had drank, or of apoplexy, or from the blow which he had received in his head in falling upon the floor, could, of course, never be known. At any rate, he was dead, and the wretched haunt which he had so long kept open as the fountain of unspeakable misery was totally and forever destroyed.

CHAPTER XVII.

CONCLUSION.

The boys in the yard were dreadfully frightened when they saw the fire flashing up in the store, and heard poor Polly's screams. They paused a moment with amazement and terror, and then threw down their augers and their lantern and ran. They climbed over the fence as fast as they could, and there, scattering in all directions, they ran until they reached a safe distance, when they stopped, one after another, and, turning round, gazed at the fire. Willie made the best of his way home.

He burst into the house in a state of great excitement, crying out,

"Mother! mother! old Tomms' store is all on fire!"

"Is it?" exclaimed his mother, clasping her hands. "Is it? I am *so* glad."

She rose immediately from her work, and went to the door to see. The flames were ascending high into the air, and the roofs and chimneys of all the surrounding buildings were illumined by them. The steeple of the meeting-house shone from top to bottom with the lurid light which they shed upon it.

"I am *so* glad," repeated Mrs. Joyn, as she stood at the door.

"So am I," said Willie—"if," he added, hesitatingly, "if it does not set the other houses on fire."

"Never mind that," said Mrs. Joyn. "No matter if it does. I am *so* glad. I am going directly in to tell my husband."

Mr. Joyn is greatly pleased to hear the news. He is saved.

Mr. Joyn was confined at home that night, being quite sick with a cold. His wife went into his room, and, waking him out of his sleep, she told him that Tomms' store was burning up.

Mr. Joyn opened his eyes, and stared wildly in his wife's face, and then said,

"Is it, truly ?"

"Yes," said his wife. "You can see the light of it."

"I am glad of it," said Mr. Joyn. "Now there is some hope for me again."

There *was* hope for him again, and the hope was destined to be fully realized. Of course, the destruction of the store put an entire end to all selling of liquor at that place, and the time for the new law to go into operation was now so near that nobody was disposed to commence the business at any other stand. The poor, discouraged, and disheartened inebriates, therefore, who had found themselves borne down again and again, notwithstanding all their resolutions, by the temptations which Tomms insisted on keeping in their way, now had some chance of success in their struggles to save themselves. An immediate change began to take place every where, and in no case was the effect more remarkable or striking than in the case of Mr. Joyn.

He resumed his business with new energy. His love for his wife, and his strong and affectionate interest in Willie, returned. He confined himself during the working hours of the day very closely to his shop—Willie keeping him company there almost all the time, and helping him a great deal by performing all such light operations as were within his power. When there was nothing for him to do, he would sit on the tool-chest at the end of his

father's bench, and study arithmetic, doing the sums with a lead-pencil upon a small board which his father would plane smooth for him. When he had filled up his board with sums, his father would look them over, and if they were right, he would plane them all off, and thus form a new face on the board for other operations.

It was no longer dangerous for Mr. Joyn to go into the street, for there was no store there now to lure him back to vice and ruin. Accordingly, whenever his business required it, he went to and fro about the village very freely. Thus his acquaintance with the people increased, and the calls for work to be done in his shop rapidly multiplied. At length he found that he could afford to hire a man to help him. The man that he hired for this purpose was William Wilton, who was now reforming, and becoming quite an industrious and promising young man.* Under this arrangement he made money faster than ever.

A short time after William Wilton came to the shop, Mr. Joyn one Saturday morning told Willie that boys like him ought to have some time to play.

"I am going to give you Wednesday and Saturday afternoons," said he.

"Why, father," said Willie, "I'm very happy working."

"Yes," said his father, "but it is better for you to have some time to play. I am not going to allow you to work at all after this on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. Wednesday and Saturday afternoons you must have for play, and you must begin to-day."

* About this time William Wilton's engagement with Lucia was renewed, and they were married about a year afterward.

Willie unpacks his playthings. Mr. Joyn takes a contract.

So that afternoon Willie went up to his room, and, opening his trunk, took out all the playthings that he had packed away so carefully, and hung them up about his room, where he had placed them before when he first came home. He hung them up with a feeling of joy and gladness, and a light and happy heart, which contrasted very strongly with the deep despondency and gloom that he had felt at the time when he took them down.

In the course of three months from the time of the fire, Mr. Joyn's house was in the most perfect order possible, both inside and out, from top to bottom. There was not a prettier place in town. Mr. Joyn, too, began at that time to pay off the mortgage. He was an excellent workman, and his services were in great demand as soon as people found that he was reformed, and that he could be relied on to do what he undertook.

One day, soon after this, Mr. Banks called at Mr. Joyn's shop to say that he had bought the ground where Mr. Tomms' store had stood, and that he was going to build a new store there, and he asked Mr. Joyn how he would like to undertake the carpentry work on contract.

Mr. Joyn said that he should like it very well.

"It will be necessary," said Mr. Banks, "for you to hire a number of men to work for you, but then you are a very good hand to plan and superintend; and I can make a contract with you for the work, such that, if you get along well with it, you will make a great deal. Here is Willie, too, that can help you not a little."

Mr. Joyn took the contract and hired the men, and he got along admirably with the job. Willie went with him to the place every

He succeeds well, and pays off the mortgage.

day while the work was going on, and he was of the greatest service in going of errands, bringing water for the men to drink, taking care of tools, turning the grindstone, and a thousand other such things. Sometimes he got quite tired before night, but he did not care about that. He was willing to be tired every night, if he could only help his father pay off the mortgage.

The work was finished one Saturday, about three months after it was commenced. The next Monday, toward evening, Mr. Joyn went to Mr. Banks' office to settle up with him for the job. As he went away from home, he said he was in hopes that on settling the account he should have enough to cancel the mortgage, but he did not really think that he should.

He came home about seven o'clock. Willie was in the barn putting up Little Jumper for the night. He was up on the loft, forking down hay for her. While thus employed, he heard his father's voice in the yard calling out to him. Willie ran to the barn window, and looked out.

"Willie!" said Mr. Joyn, holding up a paper in his hand. "See!"

"What is it?" said Willie.

"The mortgage," said his father. "It is all canceled."

So saying, Mr. Joyn turned, and went into the house to show the canceled mortgage to his wife.

Willie tumbled head over heels, and turned summersets and topsy-turvys on the mow a long time, in the exuberance of his joy; and then, giving Little Jumper a double supply of hay to keep thanksgiving upon, he ran down stairs, and hastened into the house, to see what his mother would say.

Mrs. Joyn was, of course, greatly pleased to hear this joyful

news. The prosperity and welfare of the family seemed now fixed upon a sure and lasting basis.

Little Jumper remained Willie's property for many years. He took care of her, and milked her every night and morning himself. He kept an account of all the milk which she gave, and once a month his father would pay him for it at the fair market price. Out of this money Willie would pay for the pasturing of the cow in summer, and for hay to feed her with in winter, and the balance he kept for himself. All the money which he thus obtained, together with a considerable amount in addition which he earned in other ways, he put out at interest, until at length it amounted to quite a large sum.

"What are you going to do with all your money?" said his mother to him one day, when he told her how much it amounted to.

"I am going to keep it till I am a man," said Willie, "and then it will be of great service in helping me in my business."

"That is an excellent plan," said Mrs. Joyn.

About three months after Mr. Joyn had canceled his mortgage, Willie proposed to his mother that he should go and make a visit to his aunt.

"Yes," said his mother, "I like that plan very much, and will go with you."

"Well," said Willie, looking exceedingly pleased, "then we will go in the wagon."

At this time Mr. Joyn was the owner of an excellent horse and wagon.

A day was accordingly fixed for the journey, and when the

Willie goes with his mother to make a visit to his aunt.

morning arrived, Willie harnessed the wagon, and drove it up to the door. Willie sent word, a day or two before they went, to inform his aunt that he and his mother were coming to visit her, and she was greatly delighted with the idea of seeing her boy once more. The journey proved a very pleasant one indeed. Willie showed his mother the farm-house where he had been so hospitably entertained for the night, when he and Little Jumper were tired out on their journey. Mrs. Joyn insisted on going in and thanking the farmer for his kindness.

Willie also showed his mother the tavern where he stopped first, and where the landlord would not receive him unless he would mortgage Little Jumper for his bill. They did not, however, stop at this tavern, but drove directly by.

On reaching the end of the journey, Willie found his aunt waiting to receive him, and her heart seemed to overflow with gratitude and joy at seeing him again, and at having all the good news which she had heard, of the change which had taken place in Mr. Joyn's condition and prospects, so abundantly confirmed.

"Willie, my dear darling," said she, drawing him up closely to her, "you *don't know* how much good you have done."

"Oh no, aunty," said he, "I have not done much good. Besides, if I have, it is all owing to your teaching me to be useful when I was a little boy."

Willie and his mother continued their visit for some days, and then they returned very happily home.

I ought, perhaps, to add, that poor Polly, who manifested the greatest exultation and glee while old Tomms' store was burning, dancing about the street in front of it all the time in a state of the

Polly.	Her husband is released.	She recovers her reason.

wildest excitement, was arrested the next day and put in prison, on the charge of having set the building on fire. She fully confessed having done so, and related all the circumstances that had occurred. She was tried, but was acquitted on the ground of insanity. After the excitement of this affair had passed away, she grew more calm and quiet than she had ever been before, and her reason seemed to be gradually returning. At length, when the term of her husband's imprisonment expired, and he was released, the sight of him again, and the influence which he exerted over her mind, by kindly protecting and cherishing her as her husband, gradually perfected the cure, and she became finally, to all appearance, perfectly sane. She always seemed, however, to the end of her life, a sad and sorrowful woman, and never ceased to mourn the untimely and dreadful death of her little Johnny.

THE END.